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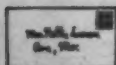
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Prize Winner

Prize Winner.....	DAVID ATTIE	
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The Mysterious Angel of Ava



THERE WAS nothing very special about the morning of January 14, 1940, in the little town of Ava, Missouri. No one dreamed that this was the day the mystery would begin. And Mrs. Nellie Lawson, a pleasant-faced, middle-aged housewife whose husband ran a local filling station, had no way of knowing that in her mailbox would be the first communication from the Angel of Ava.

As she opened the postmarked envelope, Mrs. Lawson idly wondered who might be writing from Kansas City. A moment later she was still wondering, but with vastly heightened curiosity. Inside the envelope was a cashier's check for \$100, accompanied by a brief type-written note: "Compliments of an old friend."

During the next few weeks, a score of Ava citizens received similar envelopes from Kansas City.

Sometimes the anonymous letters contained cashier's checks, sometimes bank drafts varying from \$50 to \$300. The people of Ava could talk of nothing else. It was like Christmas and the Irish Sweepstakes rolled into one. And there seemed no rhyme nor reason to the Angel's gifts.

Some people received almost exactly the amounts they needed for various bills and debts, while other recipients were well off financially. As conjecture increased, no two recipients could agree on just who their benefactor might be.

Mrs. Lawson, who had received the first check, said she had never known anyone rich enough to give away money. Gray-haired Mrs. Singleton believed the \$100 check she received might have come from someone who owed money to her late husband. But Mrs. Wilson, elderly widow who received \$50,



was convinced it was a miracle, pure and simple.

Meanwhile, as the Angel's gifts reached a total of almost \$3,000, a curious thing began to happen in Ava—a thing that brought subtle changes in the whole local atmosphere. The townsfolk decided that instead of trying to identify the Angel as some mysterious stranger, why not look for him among folks living in Ava right now?

It was conscientious Jack Blair, 73-year-old taxi driver, who introduced this theory. After Jack received \$100 from the Angel, he recalled an interesting incident.

"One day in the drugstore," he related, "I dropped a remark that all I owed in the world was \$100—and that it worried me. I can't remember just who was there at the time. But somehow I think the Angel must have overheard me."

However, it was the arrival of Luther Story's second check that convinced the people of Ava that the Angel must be in direct touch with local affairs.

Story, who had retired a few years previously from a prosperous hardware business, received a check for \$150. Like some other recipients, he was not in need of money, so with his check came an unsigned note: "Use this to make someone

happy." Luther gave the \$150 to a worthy old couple living on a farm not far from town.

Six weeks later, Story's home burned. Promptly he received another check—for \$200. The note read: "Keep it this time. You deserve it."

It was then that the people of Ava, positive the Angel was among them, began to regard each other with the kindest and pleasantest sort of suspicion. A comfortable aura of friendly doubt pervaded the community as neighbor suspected neighbor and, in so doing, formed kindlier opinions of each other.

And suddenly, the people of Ava realized that the Angel was enriching the whole town by making it a warmer, pleasanter place.

A few months later, the deluge of checks stopped—as suddenly as it had begun. That was eight years ago. To this day, the identity of the Angel is unknown. Perhaps the checks may come again; perhaps the Angel is merely awaiting another windfall to share his good fortune with others.

Meanwhile, the people of Ava, Missouri, have not forgotten him. Because, since almost anyone in town *could* be the Angel, they may meet him every day.

—MABEL HOBSON DRAPER



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DECISION

for a
Child

EIGHT-YEAR-OLD JOHNNY was very serious when I called him into my office at the hospital and explained how he could save his little sister's life. Mary, age six, was near death—victim of a disease from which Johnny had made a miraculous recovery only two years earlier. Now Mary's only chance was a blood transfusion from someone who had previously conquered the illness. Since the two children had the same rare blood type, Johnny would be the ideal donor.

"Johnny," I asked, "would you like to give your blood for Mary?"

He hesitated a moment, his lower lip trembling, but I had seen many people older than Johnny who were a little frightened by the idea of giving blood, so I thought no more about it. Then he smiled and said, "Sure, Dr. Morris. I'll give my blood for my sister."

The operating room was prepared and the children wheeled in—Mary, pale and thin; Johnny robust and almost cherubic. Neither spoke, but when their eyes met, Johnny grinned broadly.

As Johnny's blood siphoned into Mary's veins, her pale skin began to turn pink. There was complete silence as the operation proceeded. But then Johnny spoke in a brave little voice I will never forget.

"Say, Dr. Morris," he said, "when do I die?"

It was only then that I realized what that moment's hesitation, that almost imperceptible trembling of the lip had meant when I had talked to Johnny in my office.

He thought that giving up his blood for his sister meant giving up his life! In that brief moment he had made his great decision.

—MYRON L. MORRIS, M. D.

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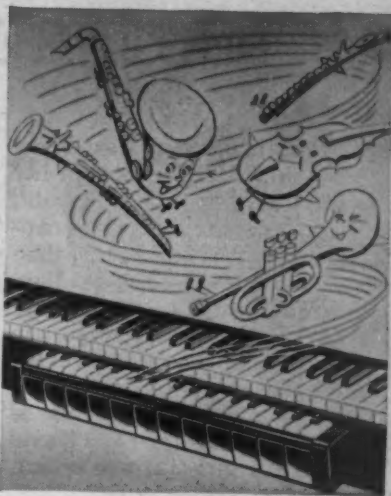
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Broadway's Best: MISTER ROBERTS

THE "U.S.S. RELUCTANT" was a Navy supply ship. Her orders kept her far behind the Pacific battle front, and to the crew her tyrannical captain seemed more of an enemy than the Japs. Boredom was the deadliest enemy of all.

Thomas Heggen told her story in *Mr. Roberts*, and when the novel became a play, the critics cheered—particularly for Henry Fonda as Mr. Roberts (*below, right*) and David Wayne as his girl-crazy side-kick, Ensign Pulver (*below, left*).

Written in the language of the U.S. Navy, *Mr. Roberts* is salty, accurate and bittersweet. If the rough-and-tumble humor of men trying to get along when it's 110 in the shade predominates, the heartbreak of war is always just below the surface. Roberts, the humane, competent officer, wins his fight to be sent to a combat ship—and dies in a Jap air attack. Highest praise for the play comes from old sailors. For them, it's more than theater—it comes too close to home.



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Where Men Never Smile

 IN THE HEART of San Antonio, Texas, stands the Alamo. Here the cry "Remember the Alamo" was born. Thousands of visitors come each year, but legend says that there has never been seen within the adobe walls that gentle expression of human happiness—a smile.

More than 100 years ago, Texas was battling for her very life against the Mexican dictator, Gen. Santa Anna. Col. William Travis was ordered to hold the Alamo. He had less than 200 men against Santa Anna's 5,000, but they were famous fighting men. Among them were Davy Crockett, the tall frontiersman, and James Bowie, popularizer of the deadly Bowie knife.

Santa Anna demanded unconditional surrender and the Texans replied with their cannon. Even while the Mexicans flew the red flag of no quarter, 32 more men marched into the doomed Alamo. There is a legend in Texas today: when Colonel Travis knew that no more help would come, he drew his sword and scored a line in the dry mud floor of the fort. Facing his men, he offered any who wished it the chance to flee. Then he asked those who dared remain to step across the fatal line. Every man save one crossed to the side of his commander. The lone man was Colonel Bowie. He lay ill upon his cot, too weak to move. Then he raised his head and asked to be carried to Travis.

On March 6, 1836, the Mexican artillery raised its barrage. The dreaded *deguello*, the bugle call signaling no mercy, sounded and the final assault began. The first storm came, then wilted and retired under the withering fire of the Americans. A second time, Santa Anna sent 3,000 men against the 200. Again the charge broke under the muzzles of the long rifles. A third time the Mexicans came on. Travis died as the defense cracked under sheer weight of numbers.

The enemy poured through, forcing the defenders back step by step, room by room. A Mexican wrote later: "The Texans defended desperately every inch of the fort."

Crockett is alleged to have died at his post. Bowie fought from his bed, dying with a circle of Mexicans sprawled about him.

When, forty days later, Sam Houston rallied his outnumbered men for a last stand, he addressed the troops: "Victory is certain. Trust in God and fear not. And remember the Alamo! Remember the Alamo!" That cry rent the air as the Texans swept over the enemy. Santa Anna himself was brought in a prisoner.

Today, the Alamo is "the Cradle of Texas Liberty." Visitors may walk within its walls, recalling the gallant defense. "Thermopylae had its messenger of defeat, but the Alamo had none." Small wonder no man smiles inside the Alamo.

—R. R. YELDERMAN



Once upon a time...

IT IS A LONG journey to fairyland. And though many visitors come, the gates swing open only to admit the young in heart. For the misty kingdoms of crystal mountains and magic-isled seas, of castles and dragons and elfin bells, are traveled only in imagination, and the journey ends where reality begins.

There are certain rules for the journey. One must go alone, and take nothing but a faith that in the realms of magic there is nothing unbelievable. It is best to embark on a rainy afternoon, finding a seat

before the fire. In your lap you must carry your ticket—a thin volume or a heavy one—depending upon how far you wish to go. Traveling clothes are unimportant, but children are cautioned to be quiet, for soon they will be in the company of brave knights and enchanted princesses. They will walk in spellbound forests, and all about them will be strange creatures of a land where nothing is ever as it seems.

And at the gates of fairyland there is only one magic password. It begins: "Once upon a time. . ."

Jack Bailey crowns A Queen for a Day



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can have a headache.
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LETTUCE BOX

HARD-PRESSED students at Ohio State University no longer spend hours dreaming up sure-fire reasons to write home for a little extra money. They have found the "Lettuce Box" in Hennick's Restaurant — right across the street from the campus — sprouts the necessary long green to carry them over whenever their cash happens to run out.

A glass-paneled case inside the entrance to Hennick's carries the ingenious inscription "The Lettuce Box." Inside the box one generally finds something like a dozen five-dollar bills, each suspended by a metal clip.

Should a student find himself temporarily embarrassed financially, he makes the matter known to the understanding restaurant cashier. Once he has identified himself as a student in good standing at OSU, all he need do is fill out a small card—name on one side, the date he'll return the five-spot on the other—and with that he becomes solvent again.

When a bill is taken from the case, the card goes in its place, date side out. And when, after a maximum of five days, the student returns the borrowed money, the card

goes into a small file box where it is held for "future reference."

Should a student happen to be delinquent when payment is due, the card is reversed so that his name is "posted" for fellow students to read. Psychology-outside-the-classroom takes care of the rest.

"The Lettuce Box has been in operation several months," explains W. T. Parker, the restaurant owner who developed the unique plan, "but to date we have had no trouble with anyone defaulting payment. We don't even stress a code-of-honor basis. Signing the card is a mere formality. Our business depends upon student trade,

and the Lettuce Box is just an added feature. It costs us nothing, and helps build good will."

Parker was a student himself once, so he knows what it means to find yourself without "pocket lettuce." His broad understanding and generosity have earned him a fond reputation on the OSU campus.

Which is one reason why his restaurant does a thriving business. Quality food at popular prices is another. For Parker is a man who knows how to turn ideas into dollars.

—RAY FREEDMAN



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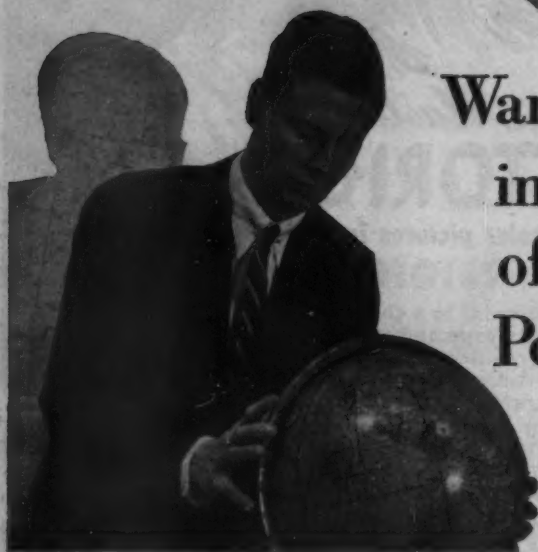
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Warrior in Quest of Peace

ON GUAM IN July, 1944, the Marines battled a Jap counter-attack. Lieut. Cord Meyer, Jr., saw a grenade bounce into his foxhole. He grabbed for it; then, in his own words, "a great club smashed me in the face." They gave him 20 minutes to live, but he recovered—blind in the left eye.

Three years later, the president of Haverford College remarked: "He sees more with one eye than most people do with two."

Meyer had come to Haverford to speak on behalf of United World Federalists, of which he is president. World Federalists is dedicated to the proposition that only a world government can save mankind from

the horror of an atomic war. To those who call the idea a vain hope, Meyer replies, "If this hope is naive, then it is naive to hope."

Cord Meyer, Jr., might have been simply another rich man's son. His father is a real-estate man and former diplomat. But Cord has what Harold Stassen has called "the best mind of any young man in America." Stassen should know—Meyer became his assistant at the San Francisco Conference after writing articles which argued chillingly that world government was man's last hope. Today, he is still arguing — and 34,000 Americans now support this young man who will be only 28 on November 10.

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MEMORABLE MAKE-BELIEVE:

Jane Wyman in "Johnny Belinda"

TWO YEARS AGO, Jane Wyman came close to capturing Hollywood's highest accolade—the Academy Award—for her splendid performance as “Ma Baxter” in *The Yearling*. By Hollywood's fame-hungry standards, she had suddenly “arrived.” But in her own album she had been “arriving” in Hollywood for almost 26 years.

As a child, Miss Wyman had tackled Hollywood with aspirations of becoming the Shirley Temple of her time. She could sing a little, dance a little. But she might as well have stayed in St. Joseph, Missouri, the city where she was born, for all the attention she attracted in the film capital.


At 15 she tried the movies again

—this time while attending a Los Angeles High School. She played a few chorus roles in musicals, but success never materialized.

Finally, in 1936, she made it—by the great circle route. Radio stints in the Middle West finally got her that essential lucky break—an interview. It flopped. “You aren’t right for motion pictures,” they told her.

But she was, and finally she had her chance to prove it. Under contract to Warner Brothers for the past 12 years, she has played both comic and dramatic roles.

And in *Johnny Belinda*, a moving story of great love and great hate, Jane Wyman takes another step toward the elusive Oscar she has sought so long.



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Percentage Wise



WHEN A RESEARCHER from the American Institute of Public Opinion asked an Arkansas tenant farmer for his opinion on an election, the farmer was amazed. "Does my opinion count? Nobody ever asked for it before."

According to George H. Gallup, director of the Institute, that farmer's opinion does count, and so do the opinions of all people regularly queried by his 1,200 pollsters. For these groups are a scientifically selected cross section of the U.S., the basis for the amazingly accurate estimates which Gallup makes on what Americans are thinking.

Born in Iowa 47 years ago, Gallup seemed destined for success at poll taking. It is said that he made

his first survey to select the prettiest girl on the University of Iowa's campus. Having determined that a Miss Ophelia Miller was the winner, Gallup promptly married her.

In 1936, the Presidential election put Gallup in business to stay. *Literary Digest* had forecast a Landon victory, but Gallup, almost unknown then, stood by his prediction of a Roosevelt landslide. When the ballots were counted, the *Literary Digest* was on its way to oblivion, while George Gallup was made.

To criticisms of his poll, Gallup replies with the words of Lincoln:

"What I want to get done is what the people desire to have done . . . and the question for me is to find that out exactly."



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Rockne and the Iron Man

KNUTE ROCKNE liked to tell this story about himself and the great Indian player, Jim Thorpe. They met on opposite sides in a great football game in Massillon, Ohio. Rockne said that before the game started Thorpe came to him and said:

"Rock, do you know what most of those people came here for? They came to see me run with the ball. That's what they came for. So, when you tackle me, Rock boy, tackle easy, see, and let me run with the ball, because that's what the fans are paying to see."

Rockne said the calm assurance of the giant player, even though what he said was largely true, made him mad, and as they waited for the game to start, Rockne came to a decision. He made up his mind he would teach the big Indian a lesson. The first time he tackled him he would hit him so hard Thorpe would never forget it. Rockne was confident that the opportunity would come, and waited quietly. Sure enough, one of the first plays in the game, the ball went to Thorpe. And



he came flying around Rockne's end. Rockne tore into him. He had a clear run at the big man, and he tackled him like a battering ram, striking with all his bone and sinew between knee and thigh, letting Thorpe have all the drive and twist he had in his muscular body.

To Rockne's astonishment, he bounced off the body of the great football champion as a dry oak leaf driven by a gale bounces back from the sturdy trunk of the oak. Thorpe went plunging on many yards across the gridiron, until almost the whole opposing team finally pulled him down. Rockne picked himself up off the field. His shoulder was as full of pain as though

a house had fallen on it. As he made his way slowly, and with some discomfort, to the scrimmage line, he passed Thorpe, and the big man grinned happily as he reached out and patted him on the back.

"That's the way to do it, Rock! Tackle me easy, and let me run with the ball!"

—THOMAS DREIER

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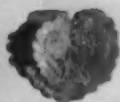
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HEART SPECIALIST



FEW PEOPLE receive five million personal letters in a lifetime. But for over 50 years, letters of heart-break, social confusion and genuine tragedy have been coming at the rate of almost 2,000 a week to a snowy-haired, bright-eyed gentlewoman now living in New Orleans. Her real name is Mrs. Elizabeth Gilmer, but to the thousands who pour out their secrets to her she is known as Dorothy Dix.

Tragedy in early life started Dorothy Dix on her lovelorn marathon. Early in her marriage, her husband was afflicted with an incurable mental disease, and she had to find some way to support them both. A "nice little Sunday column" for a local newspaper brought her to the attention of William Randolph Hearst. She hasn't been out of the public eye since. For America has never tired of her sound advice to the troubled heart.

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A World Worth Waiting For



by HAROLD WOLFF

THIS REPORT IS A GLIMPSE into the future of the Atomic Age, provided by some of the men who harnessed the power of nuclear energy and wrought the atom bomb. It is the first summing up, gleaned from interviews with great scientists from coast to coast, of what the atom holds in store for us during the next ten years.

These scientists are not crystal-ball gazers: they are earnest men who prefer to discuss what their research has accomplished rather than what it will accomplish. They know how an unpredictable obstacle can block the solution of any problem. Yet they are the men best qualified to tell us what the Atomic Age may bring.

They were shocked by the Buck Rogers previews of the world-to-come that appeared after the bombing of Hiroshima—the tall tales of atomic automobiles just around the corner, atomic planes on the drawing board, atomic cities almost ready for the first atomic citizens to move in. All this, of course, was sheer bunk.

In the same sense, this report is not a blueprint for the future or a guarantee of things to come. At best, as the scientists themselves point out, it is merely an “informed guess” as to what direction progress will take.

However, our atomic scientists have a tremendous story to tell in discussing the peacetime potential-

ties of atomic energy. And for the most part their thinking on the subject is in amazing agreement, although as scientists they don't like to make predictions.

Here, then, is an atomic calendar to cover the span between today and 1958. While it is not a foolproof calendar, it is as reliable as any ten-year projection can be in this uncertain field. For, as Dr. Samuel K. Allison, director of the University of Chicago's Institute for Nuclear Studies, says: "The only thing predictable about scientific research is the unpredictability of the final results."

Today An "atomic sweepstakes" to develop a useful atomic-power plant is now being run between the U.S. and four other nations—Canada, Britain, France and Russia. The last-named may be regarded as the "dark horse." Odds-on favorite as the entries round the first turn is the U.S., where by-product power from the atom is expected in a matter of months, as a result of experiments conducted at Brookhaven National Laboratory on Long Island.

Described simply, the atom-to-electricity cycle at Brookhaven will work like this: splitting uranium atoms in the nuclear chain reactor (atomic oven) will heat air circulated around it. The hot air will be passed through a heat exchanger, where it will boil water and produce steam. The steam in turn will generate electricity, just as in the ordinary power plant.

Since the electricity produced will be inordinately expensive, the Brookhaven project will be merely a "showcase" pile. A practical dem-

onstration pile, able to compete economically with other forms of power, is at least eight to ten years off. In fact, it is the consensus that 20 years must elapse before any substantial part of America's energy supply—say 15 per cent—comes from atomic energy.

Of more immediate importance to our population are radioactive isotopes (sometimes called radioisotopes), a by-product of atomic energy which already has had a profound effect on medical, industrial and agricultural research.

These are the same chemical elements we all know—hydrogen, carbon, mercury and so forth—but in a slightly different form. They give off radiation that makes it possible for scientists to follow their course through the human body, through plants and through industrial processes.

Radioisotopes provided by the Atomic Energy Commission were used for industrial purposes last year. This year's big news is their anticipated use in greater quantity. Industry, which is becoming more and more "atom-minded," already has listed several hundred possible roles for these new tools.

Another important development is increased industrial support of university research programs throughout the country, already up 600 per cent over the 1939 figure. An example is the University of Chicago's "industrial membership plan," under which 13 great American corporations, as a means of keeping abreast of atomic developments, have contributed more than \$2,900,000 to the university's three institutes devoted to fundamental research—the Institute of Metals,

the Institute for Nuclear Studies and the Institute of Radiobiology and Biophysics.

Also, an "isotope farm" financed by the Atomic Energy Commission may soon be in operation on a small scale. The project, as it is presently planned, might be an enclosed area in which air will be permeated with carbon dioxide containing radioactive carbon.

Grains and vegetables are to be grown in this atmosphere, and by inhaling the radioactive carbon dioxide, will become radioactive themselves. Then animals will be fed these plants, and they too will become radioactive.

One purpose of the isotope farm is to extract from animals such products as protein, hormones and biologicals like liver extract and insulin, all of which will be radioactive. Then this insulin, for example, could be fed to a diabetic animal. By tracing the course of the radioactive carbon through the animal's system, science may for the first time get a complete picture of how insulin works. Ultimately, this may lead to an understanding of diabetes, and possibly to a cure for the disease.

The Brookhaven pile and the development of radioisotope techniques should bring about a better understanding of atomic energy's benign aspects.

As one scientist puts it: "Up to now, atomic energy has been in the state that electricity would be in if its only achievement were the electric chair." Yet by the year's end, researchers hope that peacetime developments will convince other countries—especially Russia—that international control of atomic en-

ergy is essential because of its vital day-to-day applications.

1949 Seeds previously sowed by research projects may yield a harvest of reports in 1949, ranging from the use of radioactive chemicals in fertilizers to the dating of "The Missing Link" by measuring the radioactivity of its skull. But of all the hoped-for reports, none matches the dramatic promise that the control of one or more types of cancer may be announced. Cancer scientists have entered a whole new field of research.

As in many great scientific discoveries, the principle involved is simple. Cancer cells differ from normal cells. Thus, if you can find a chemical that will concentrate in the cancerous tissue and not in healthy cells, you have a vehicle for treatment.

In other words, if the chemical that lodges in the cancerous cells is made with radioactive materials, it can kill adjacent cancerous tissue by radiation, just as radium or X rays do, without hurting the normal tissue.

Already, at the University of Chicago and other research centers, encouraging results have been recorded in the treatment of thyroid cancer through radioactive iodine. The thyroid has an affinity for iodine, and iodine radioisotopes prepared at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, have been used. But in only a few cases thus far has the cancerous thyroid absorbed enough radioiodine to be effective.

The hunt is now on for materials that other cancers will absorb, and the results of this search—or of other experiments still unrevealed

—may blossom into headlines during 1949.

1950 When will the atom take to the air? Probably in 1950, but only experimentally. The first test aircraft will probably be jet-propelled, will carry no crew and will be controlled from the ground or from other planes.

Before you can ride in an atomic-powered plane, some way must be devised to shield you from the powerful rays that emanate from the atomic reactor. This is the major obstacle to the development of any mobile atomic machine—on land, sea, or in the air.

Present piles operate behind concrete walls three to ten feet thick, or lead slabs weighing hundreds of tons. This load factor puts an atomic car or passenger plane years in the future. Yet the B-36, the Army's new bomber, carries a load of gasoline and bombs weighing considerably more than 100 tons.

When the weight of atomic shielding can be reduced to about that figure, atomic passenger planes will be on the way.

Much sooner than that, we may have solutions to problems which promise more for our personal futures: in agriculture, for example, where chemistry has devised wonderful plant hormones that make corn grow taller and better, while killing off the weeds. Yet these chemicals help only certain kinds of corn and kill only certain types of weeds. Now the botanists are working with atomic techniques to make hormones that will help more crops and kill more weeds. That means better crops for the farmer with less labor in the fields. And for all of us,

it means better and cheaper food and raw materials.

Already, in Hawaii, plant hormones sprayed from planes are increasing the pineapple crop by three or four tons per acre. This year the same method saved the corn of some southern Ohio farmers whose neighbors' fields went to weed and yielded no crop at all.

Another approach to growing sturdier, more productive and cheaper crops was a startling proposal made recently to use radioactive fertilizer as a sort of super-Luther Burbank to produce millions of plant mutations. By choosing the right time to introduce the radioactive fertilizer into the soil, the atoms might reach the sex cells of the plants at the time they are forming new seeds.

Although radiation probably would cause mutations in only one in 100,000 seeds, the robot Burbank still could multiply the good part of the work beyond all the dreams of yesterday's science.

1951 By this time, atomic scientists expect to have the men, machines and materials to speed research all along the line. Before the war, for example, there were only two radiobiologists doing full-time work. By 1951, we will begin to acquire virtually a new generation of scientists versed in the atom.

The same goes for materials. The basic work leading to the first chain reaction had to be done with only a microscopic speck of U-235—less than a hundred-millionth of a gram. Before the war we could make U-235 at the rate of a pound in 60,000 years. The first pile at

Chicago produced at the rate of one pound in 300 years.

Today, facilities exist to produce radioisotopes faster than researchers can be trained to use them, and by 1951 the volume will be increased still more as new reactors go into operation.

For example, an experiment on two rats requires one millicurie of radiocarbon. By the prewar method of manufacture, that would have taken three years to manufacture at a cost of \$1,000,000 or more. Today, the Atomic Energy Commission has cut the price to \$50 a millicurie, and it can be made in a few days. While the AEC makes no prediction as to future quantities or prices, it seems reasonable to assume that by 1951 we will be able for the first time to try experiments to see how much radiation men and animals can tolerate.

Even before 1951, new facilities will have been added by AEC financing to step up the pace of atomic research. When the Los Alamos project was launched, they had to borrow the cyclotron from Harvard and other equipment from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Even today, there's a long waiting list for researchers who want to use the pile for a few hours. All over the country, giant projects are being rushed to completion to enter into the race to solve the atom's secrets.

Meanwhile, scientists are excitedly awaiting the new giant atom-smashers that will enable them to probe deeper into the inner life of the atom. The machines used before the war were midgets compared to the super-cyclotrons at the University of California, capable of

energies up to 500,000,000 volts. And now California is talking of a super-super-cyclotron called a bevatron. Financed by the AEC, the monster is expected to have a capacity of six to ten billion electron volts.

But the breath-taking achievement of 1951 will be completion of a monstrous, multibillion-volt machine with which man will produce, under laboratory conditions, the primary cosmic particles which constantly penetrate the earth's surface from the unknown reaches of outer space. Called a proton synchrotron, the new high-energy electronuclear machine is being financed by the AEC and constructed at Brookhaven National Laboratory. Awesome as this device appears to the layman, it may be only the forerunner of still larger ones to come.

Speaking of these new machines, one nuclear physicist remarked: "We are going into an unknown jungle, but we are going in with the biggest searchlights ever made!"

1952 By 1952, many biochemical investigations into the nature of living things will use nuclear principles and products. Already, out of this research is emerging an understanding of plant and animal life that was not possible before.

For example, biochemists used to think of the living organism as a kind of engine. You put in food and out comes energy. But in some people, much of the food value goes into fat, not energy, while others never add much weight. The explanation is hidden in the complex things that happen to food in the

body. More than 200 intricate biochemical processes are involved, none of which was thoroughly understood before.

Now, with the use of isotopic tracers, spectacular progress has been made in following food through the system. For instance, much of what we eat goes into rejuvenating our bodies, creating new cells for old every day. We now know that about every 20 days you "trade in" your old body for a new one.

In five years of radioisotope experimentation, biochemists expect to know something about this process—enough to begin to understand why one tissue grows and another doesn't. Beyond that horizon lies the fantastic possibility of controlling the growth of plants and animals—of directing that growth into channels most useful to man. And then may come the control of growth in man himself!

1953 Scientists hope by this time to have a better understanding of our No. 1 killer, the heart. Progress has been made in treating ailments generally classified as "heart trouble." But in most cases, doctors have had an incomplete understanding of why and how the treatment works. People who suffer from heart conditions often improve if they reduce the amount of water they drink, but the explanation has remained a matter of speculation.

Recently, a number of heart patients were fed radioactive salt, and it was found that they retained more of the salt in their systems than do normal people. This excess appeared to be the cause of important symptoms of heart con-

dition. By eliminating salt from their diet, the ailment was relieved.

This type of experiment promises progress in understanding the working of the heart and blood. So does a recent study of blood transfusion. Amino acid, "tagged" with isotopic nitrogen, was fed to a dog. From the dog's blood was extracted a serum containing isotopic nitrogen. When the serum was transfused into another dog, it was possible to study the manner in which it was taken up by the blood stream.

The most widely used medication for heart trouble is digitalis, a drug made from the foxglove plant. For thousands of years, Welsh women brewed foxglove tea for their ailing menfolk. It helped, but no one knew why. Today, radioactive foxglove is being grown, and from it radioactive digitalis can be made. By feeding this to animals, it will be possible to find out how it helps the heart. This, in turn, may bring us to the threshold of a basic understanding of the heart and its disorders.

1954 In this year, atomic energy should be making a real difference in your daily life. You won't be driving an atomic automobile, but you will be using gasoline from oil wells explored by radioactive tracers. And the gasoline will be better than present fuels because of cracking processes improved by isotopic experimentation now in progress.

A new science in metallurgy is emerging which promises stronger metals and harder alloys. Recently, it was announced that the Bureau of Mines had been able to extract the wonder metal, titanium, from

ore in 100-pound lots. Titanium, twice as strong as steel and only half as heavy, may be the answer to science's intensive search for a suitable metal to withstand the high temperatures generated in a practical atomic-power plant.

Today's science of metallurgy is aimed at bringing the study of metals up to the sciences of physics and chemistry in point of development. As one metallurgical journal expressed it, up to now our knowledge of metals has been mostly "inspired guessing."

With new scientific principles available, metallurgists hope for answers to some baffling problems. For example, steel is only one-tenth as strong as it theoretically should be. Consider the revolution in heavy industry if science were able to increase the strength of steel to its full potential!

1955 With research spreading in all directions, the biologists hope to know enough about the life of cells to start doing things about it by 1955. As one Chicago botanist says: "We have accomplished some wonderful things in the past, but we never really knew what was happening inside the cell, or why. Now, with the help of radioactive chemicals, I can crawl inside the cell and find out what's going on there."

This brings us back to cancer, except that now we are in the realm of a real cure that will eradicate the disease or even eliminate it before it appears. To the biologist, cancer is a cell that shows certain peculiarities in growth. For one thing, most cells know when to stop growing. Cancer cells do not. Somewhere in

the mysteries of the growth process lies a cure for the disease.

Understanding growth also will have reverberations in the whole world of plant and animal life. Researchers using their new atomic tools are again attacking the secret of photosynthesis, the miraculous process by which green leaves convert sunshine into food and energy. If the researchers learn the secret (and the atom gives us hope that they may), their discovery will be one of the greatest scientific triumphs of all time.

1956 Probably not before this year will one of the most important scientific reports in history be ready for official study. Indeed, it may be so world-shaking that it will be kept secret from the public. The report will cover the preliminary conclusions of the Atomic Casualty Commission, dealing with the effect of radiation on human heredity. It will be based on a study of children born in Hiroshima and Nagasaki since the explosion of the atomic bombs.

When the final report is completed—and it probably will take 25 years or more to get significant genetic findings—it is expected to tell us more about human heredity than all our previous knowledge put together.

Already we know that radiation can produce new types of plants and animals. This tremendously important report will tell us the effects of radiation on human inheritance. Then we will be close to understanding what we inherit from our parents and what we can do about it. Here may lie the solution to the elimination of inherited

disease and the key to other profound secrets of human creation.

1957 In this year, nuclear scientists believe that we will be entering a new phase of the Atomic Age. We will probably have new atomic fuels, more efficient and less hazardous. New types of atomic piles may create their own fuel and consume it so effectively that the cost of the operation will be within the price range of our present sources of power. The first commercial uses of these power plants will be in areas where power is costly, such as Sweden, which has almost no coal.

New fuels and new developments in shielding may make possible a mobile pile. Its first job will be to propel a giant ship. For one thing, water itself makes a good shield—

and heavy boats are already so ponderous that the added weight of the shield will not be an obstacle. Incidentally, since an atomic-power plant does not need oxygen, scientists expect that atomic submarines will be able to dive and stay under water indefinitely. At the end of the list are atomic cars and locomotives, but scientists agree that you will not be riding around in them for many years. Right now, they admit that ten years is about as far ahead as they can see.

"Atomic energy," said one scientist in explaining his dislike for predictions, "is to us what the Atlantic Ocean was to Columbus when he sailed from Spain. He set out to find India but discovered the Western Hemisphere instead. Who can tell where our voyage into this unknown realm will lead us?"

Wise and



Otherwise

Americans have more timesaving devices and less time than any other group of people in the world.

—DUNCAN CALDWELL

Dim lights have the highest scandal power. —*Arizona Kitty Kat*

One of the greatest laborsaving devices of today is tomorrow.

—DUNCAN CALDWELL

What the world needs is a truce, the whole truce and nothing but the truce, or so help us God . . .

—PETE SIMER in *American Legion Magazine*

Nothing cooks your goose quicker than a boiling temper. —*Walker Log*

A successful man is one who can make more than his wife can spend—and a successful woman is one who can land such a husband.

—P. H. D. SHERIDAN

A philosopher is a person who knows just what to do—until it happens to him.

—HENRY HASSE

A youth spends the years between 12 and 21 waiting to become his own boss. Then he gets married.

—*Kreolite News*

It's funny that a woman who can spot a blonde hair on your coat at ten paces can't see a pair of garage doors.

—L. DUKE SLOTH

TOP JOBS

For Teen-Agers

by PETER WHELIHAN



Through Junior Achievement, they get a head start in business

THE BOY WAS only 19 but he knew what he wanted. Somehow he had survived the job interviews in the outer offices and now found himself facing the company's personnel manager.

"This is a pretty responsible job," the manager said. "We had thought of an older man. What makes you think you can handle it?"

"For the last three years," the youth told his astonished listener, "I've been salesman, treasurer, then president of a New York leather-goods concern. We started from scratch and made a profit every year. I've brought along my books in case you're interested . . ."

The boy spread out financial records that partially told the story of a company operated by teenagers under the sponsorship of a remarkable organization called Junior Achievement, Inc. Ten minutes later, an impressed personnel manager gave him the job.

In 40 cities of the U. S., more than 1,000 business enterprises are being operated by some 25,000 high-school juniors and seniors, under

guidance of Junior Achievement. They manufacture and market a wide variety of products ranging from fly spray to furniture, from fishermen's bait boxes to baby incubators. They take care of the legal details of "incorporation," sell publicly the shares of stock they don't buy themselves, rent shop space, select their own products and find their own markets. Altogether, they are operating on the same principles that guide prosperous adult concerns.

JA, as the youngsters tag the parental organization, might be described as an urban counterpart of the 4-H Clubs which develop America's farm leaders of tomorrow. On the premise that the free-enterprise system must be understood more clearly by more Americans, JA has evolved a plan of teaching youngsters the fundamentals of business from the ground up, through actual experience in corporations of their own. The plan also affords a sort of postgraduate course to adult business people who act as advisers, in accordance with the axiom that to master a subject one must teach it.

A former farm boy's disgust with the American school system gave

birth to Junior Achievement back in 1919, but its real growth stems from the final days of the Depression. In 1939, someone discovered that while 48 per cent of high-school graduates were out of jobs, only two per cent of former JA members were unemployed. Impressed by such evidence, industrialists gave encouragement to JA as the nation swung into war work. In 1942, there were 200 junior corporations in the East, with inquiries coming from other regions. In four years the number tripled, and in 1947 the total passed 1,000.

Today, hard-shelled businessmen and political leaders view these teen-age tycoons as effective defenders of capitalism against totalitarian ideologies and isms. Yet no such thought seemingly motivated the founder, Horace A. Moses, the farm boy from Ticonderoga, New York, who worked his way like an Alger hero to the top of the big Strathmore Paper Company. Moses noted with dismay that high schools were graduating hundreds of thousands of young people without any discernible business sense. They knew a little of many things, but nothing about the manufacture and marketing of paper.

Moses found his views were shared by the late Theodore N. Vail, then head of American Telephone & Telegraph. So they decided to give teen-agers a chance to obtain real business experience before, instead of after, their formal schooling ended.

Throughout the telephone and paper companies, supervisors and junior executives were enlisted. They, in turn, won the interest of teachers and business people. The

idea took hold in New England and spread down the Atlantic Coast. Along the way, the adults who were tutoring the youngsters found that they themselves were learning. If questions stumped them, they dug up the answers, thus increasing their own business stature.

Moses, who bequeathed \$100,000 to JA on his death last year at 85, was gratified with the results of his project, as exemplified by the case of the boys with the fire alarm. In Glen Ridge, New Jersey, the juvenile Millwood Products Company decided to manufacture a new type of home alarm. But they soon learned that adult householders didn't relish the idea of 16-year-olds tinkering with wiring systems.

Charlie Slack, go-getter head of the JA firm, decided to overcome sales resistance with a mass demonstration, and his earnest arguments drew a group of men and women, including the mayor and fire chief. He produced statistics to show that 70 per cent of house fires start on the lower floors, often trapping families asleep upstairs. Then the boys demonstrated their "Fire Warner," and it rang the gong time and again without fail. The mayor was first to sign up for a \$12.50 installation, and he was followed by a couple of dozen others.

A few simple rules are laid down by JA for the conduct of the junior corporations. They must be incorporated along lines of regular procedure. Shares must sell for no more than a half dollar each, and no youngster is permitted to own more than five shares. If additional capital is needed, the stock may be sold outside the company.

Wherever possible, products are

handmade, to avoid serious competition with established manufacturers. And if it can be done without losing sight of the basic principle of Junior Achievement—training young people in the fundamentals of business and employer-employee relationships—companies are expected to show a profit.

JUST AS JA HAS ACQUIRED a significance beyond the intent of the founder, so do individual units occasionally develop a long-range value surpassing their original aims. A few years ago in Pittsburgh, after floods had driven industry out of one area and left flat-dwellers in destitution, a group of community boys, assisted by Westinghouse engineers, took over an abandoned plant, salvaged some equipment and soon had a thriving industry. Their product? Incubators for premature babies! Today, the machines they produce can be found in Pittsburgh hospitals and public-health institutions.

In Chicago several years ago, nine enterprising girls under JA sponsorship started a four-page tabloid publication — *Hi, Shopper!* — written exclusively for teen-agers. The paper had reporters in most of the Chicago high schools to keep tabs on trends in styles and entertainment. And used as an insert in the adult *Downtown Shopping News*, it had a circulation of 625,000.

It is worth noting that girl Achievers have a record that compares favorably with the boys' even though their fields might be more restricted. About 45 per cent of all JA members are girls, reflecting the distaff side's growing competence in the commercial world. And when

it comes to dreaming up ideas, the girls take a back seat for no one.

Wilma Zagorsky and Patricia Bailey, for example, are president and vice-president, respectively, of a thriving New York concern called Metropolitan Youth Survey, Inc. Miss Zagorsky, a New Jersey high-school senior specializing in advertising and market research, heard of JA through pamphlets sent to the schools. So did Miss Bailey, an 18-year-old student at the Laboratory Institute of Merchandising in New York. They went to JA metropolitan headquarters at 263 West 52d Street, where they were put in touch with a score of other girls interested in similar careers. Metropolitan Youth Survey, Inc., was the result. Two department heads of a large publishing house became the company's advisers.

The girls capitalized at \$100, sold some stock outside, and acquired space away from the high-rent district. Next they surveyed their logical field—advertising and sales research—and decided that cosmetics manufacturers would like to know what teen-age girls think of their products. They also decided, in view of current discussion of radio whodunits, that show sponsors would want to know about the reaction their programs evoked in children and parents.

The girls had approached but a few prospective clients before an advertising firm snapped up the proposition. In two weeks, Survey interviewed hundreds of high-school girls throughout Manhattan. They learned many odd facts, such as the revelation that 99 per cent of the subjects used lipstick while 23 per cent shunned face powder and

41 per cent used no powder base. A cosmetics concern, client of the agency, was immensely pleased with the job.

Using similar technique, the girls questioned several hundred parents and students about their attitudes toward radio mystery shows in general and to one show in particular. The woman producer of this show worked closely with them, and when the facts were in, she announced important changes in her program, one of the best-known on the air.

Most JA companies, especially those run by boys, go in for more concrete forms of industry. They start with the manufacture of salable products requiring small outlays for equipment and materials, such as plastic ash trays, book ends, lawn ornaments, doorstops, garden furniture and the like. To assure that all members learn all phases of the business, the jobs are rotated. This year's salesman or shopworker may be next year's sales manager or president.

If the Achievers find their firm's product is a dud, they do what any smart company would do—switch to something else.

Mini-Mold, Inc., a JA project in Chicago, started making miniature plastic moldings, but found sales were slow. So they turned to production of a plastic bag for covering foods in refrigerators. So successful was this "Frigi-Food Bag" that the youngsters designed another for carrying diapers — the "Tidy-Didey Bag." Sales were so good the company paid a handsome dividend and divided a bonus among its members.

In Dayton, the JA Wingsters

whipped up a 15-minute radio program of news comment, sports discussion and entertainment. Almost overnight it won such a following that a commercial sponsor took the show. The fees paid the Wingsters good salaries and left a surplus from which the boys shared a dividend, sent six children to summer camp, helped finance a former member going to college, and gave \$100 to the Salvation Army.

The going isn't always that easy, however. In the matter of business casualties, the Achievers get a full dose of adult experience. Their statistics show that a large percentage of all adult enterprises fail in their first two years. In JA, about 10 per cent fail in the first five months, 30 per cent complete the first year in the red, 20 per cent break even, and the remaining 40 per cent ultimately reach the dividend stage. But Junior Achievement's sponsors feel the corporations serve their purpose regardless of success or failure—the mistakes that spell failure often teach the Achievers as much as they might have learned from success.

RADICAL OUTFITS HAVE accused JA of being reactionary, while some grownups have called it Communist. No one denies that the movement is dedicated to preserving the free-enterprise system, yet the National Association of Manufacturers has nothing to do with Junior Achievement. With a staff of 80 paid employees, JA is supported by about 750 individual businessmen and industrialists, some of them JA grads, who contribute from \$25 to \$5,000 annually.

The junior concerns differ from

most adult businesses in that everyone, workers and executives, must own a part of the companies. Thus, at stockholders' meetings, all are on an equal footing. The workers have a chance to gripe about obtaining better hours or tools. The salesmen learn why they can't put Cokes on their expense accounts, or why they must ride bikes instead of cars on their routes. All, from the president down, learn the give-and-take essential to labor-management relations.

The founder's faith in American youth finds ample support in the list of leaders who assist JA today. The roster includes Charles R. Hook, chairman of the board of Armco Steel Corporation, chairman of JA's board; Robert L. Lund, former executive vice-president of the Lambert Pharmacal Company,

JA president; S. Bayard Colgate of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, head of the executive committee; and Roy W. Moore, president of Canada Dry Ginger Ale, treasurer.

Other backers include Bing Crosby, James A. Farley, E. A. Cudahy, Owen D. Young, E. Roland Harri-man and Emil Schram, president of the New York Stock Exchange. S. Bayard Colgate sums up the views of JA supporters thus:

"America's future is in the hands of today's youngsters. They are stepping out into a world of -isms and -ologies which have to be evaluated. They will form political and social concepts, and will evaluate our business system. What better understanding of democracy and free enterprise could they possibly obtain than through operating their own companies?"



Nothing to Worry About

SHORTLY BEFORE our second son was born, we moved to suburban Los Angeles, thinking we would have a huge yard and semi-rural surroundings for the youngsters. The housing shortage is particularly acute hereabouts, as we well knew from our years of house hunting. But how acute we didn't realize until our doorbell rang the other evening.

A car with Massachusetts license plates was parked in our driveway. On the porch stood a middle-aged couple, looking not nearly as travel-worn as I'm sure I would look had I been driving 18 hours,

as they announced they had been.

"We can't seem to find accommodations in hotels, motels, or apartments," announced the man, "and we have observed that you have lawn swings and divan chairs in your patio. Would you consider permitting us to pass the night reclining on them? We will be glad to compensate you adequately."

The barrage of multisyllabled words had me speechless. Evidently fearing refusal from my probably stupid expression, the woman hastily cut in: "You needn't worry about us, you know. We're from Boston!"

—MARY ALKUS

EUROPE'S Chain of Happiness

by ROBERT WADSWORTH

A unique Swiss radio program patterned after our "givenaway" shows helps those in distress and makes wishes come true

IT WAS JUST AN ORDINARY starlit night late in 1947. Everyone in Blausee-Mitholz, a hamlet on the Alpine Loetschberg railway south of Berne, was fast asleep. Suddenly a rumbling started inside one of the overhanging cliffs. There was a terrible clap of noise and huge boulders shot in all directions.

By the time the dust drifted away, every chalet in the village was a heap of rubble or tottering on its foundation. Nine people were dead in the ruins.

When news of the munitions-depot explosion reached Berne, the Swiss Military Department ordered out Army rescue units. But they were able to give only emergency aid. Survivors were destitute.

Then a week later, on Christmas Day, radio listeners in the French-speaking region of Switzerland

heard a familiar voice: "Tonight we are launching a voluntary gift for the benefit of victims of the catastrophe. According to what you can afford, each of you should pay a tax for every candle on your Christmas tree. Candles are a symbol of peace at Christmas time. We will make them also a symbol of generosity."

The result of this appeal was astounding, even in humanitarian-minded Switzerland. Some 65,000 Swiss poured in a total of 130,000 francs (\$30,000). Thus survivors at Blausee-Mitholz received more than enough money for new homes from the Chain of Happiness.

The Chain, as it is popularly known, was started by Roger Nordmann and Jack Rollan, two enterprising young announcers in the Lausanne studio of the Swiss Broadcasting Company, who wanted people to give to others and have fun at the same time.

In directing their successful radio



game, Nordmann and Rollan bring to the microphone each week the person who has best fulfilled a wish made on the previous week's broadcast. This wish may have been for money or for cigarettes, and the winner may have contributed the 100,000th franc or may have sent in the greatest number of packages. He has the right to make a new wish into the mike—perhaps for used radio sets for the blind or for dinners for vagrants.

Members of the listening audience then continue the Chain by trying to make the wish come true and to win the game at the same time. Their enthusiasm has brought in 400,000 francs (\$95,000) and 400 tons of precious goods in less than two years. More than 15,000 people have received aid.

When the babies of Toulon, France, were in dire need of feeding bottles and bed linen last year, a member of a French children's society made a wish for those articles. Workers in the town of St. Prex, halfway between Lausanne and Geneva, won the game by furnishing 1,000 bottles. In addition, 1,000 letters were received from Swiss children who wanted to help the Toulon babies.

THE CHAIN MIGHT NEVER have existed if Nordmann hadn't been such an ardent American radio fan. As the first political reporter of Radio Lausanne, he listened regularly to short-wave broadcasts from New York and to the American Forces Network in Germany. One night he dialed *Truth or Consequences*. This was followed by an American news report saying that thousands of people in Europe had received food

packages from the U.S. as a result of appeals over the air waves.

An idea flashed in Nordmann's mind. Why not tie up the universal desire to play games with the equally universal urge to help those in distress? He was still wondering how to put his idea into action when he reached the studio next day. He idled through his mail, then stopped. One writer asked Nordmann to send a coin to a person whose name was at the top of a list, and to continue the chain by sending other letters to friends.

"I've got it!" Nordmann cried. "I'll make a chain of happiness over the radio!"

In two weeks, Nordmann created the Chain, teaming up with Rollan, a popular radio entertainer. The two listened to more American broadcasts of games, then wrote their first script. In a Lausanne cabaret, Nordmann approached the microphone apprehensively to explain the idea of the Chain.

"Since this is our first time on the air," he said, "we'll have to make the first wish ourselves. We wish that each of you would write a letter of welcome to that noble Englishman, Winston Churchill, who is spending a few weeks in our canton. Next week we'll visit the writer of the best letter."

Success was established when 5,000 letters piled up at Nordmann's desk during the next few days. The letters were delivered to an impressed British statesman, and Nordmann and Rollan duly visited the first winner, a Swiss woman who had written the best letter and who had offered to finance a Swiss vacation for a British youngster.

In a few weeks the Chain had

won the maximum audience in French Switzerland—an estimated 200,000 listeners—plus uncounted numbers in France and Belgium. Today, the Chain is the studio's most important show with the best radio time, right after the evening news report.

Nordmann and Rollan's most publicized performance was their wedding gift to England's Princess Elizabeth. The wish was made by Rene Lachenal, a Geneva labor leader, who climbed with them to the Leysin Sanatorium-University for tuberculosis patients high in the Vaudois Alps.

"I would like to give the Princess something," he said, "that will bring her happiness through the happiness of others."

Nordmann took the mike. "Why don't we bring in some British children for a month's vacation?" he asked. "If a few of you have empty beds and others have money to give, I think we can do it."

A few days later, Nordmann flew to London and shepherded into a land of plenty 20 lucky boys and girls, 17 of whom had lost their fathers in the war. Twenty Swiss families opened their doors and hearts to the children. Donations by listeners paid for Christmas gifts which included new clothes for each of the youngsters.

On the Chain's Christmas program in the parlor of a Montreux family, little Brenda Cullen of London spoke the thanks of all the children. Then she sang *Frère Jacques* in French to Gen. Henri Guisan, commander-in-chief of the Swiss Army during the war and enthusiastic participant in the Chain. Later, Princess Elizabeth added a

warm letter of acknowledgment for the gift, which she said was unique among thousands received from all over the world.

During the average broadcast, Nordmann and Rollan work as furiously as masters of ceremonies on the big American shows. I accompanied them to one performance at Yverdon, a town of 11,000. Rolling along in the studio's portable workshop—an American station wagon—the two Jacks of all radio work polished their script and hummed new songs. Nordmann had written the speaking parts while Rollan had put together the music, hitching appropriate words about Chain listeners to popular French tunes. He "composes" about 15 such ditties for each program.

At Yverdon, 1,000 people crowded into the local Casino to watch a representative of local factory workers, winners of the previous week's game, appear on the stage. "Lots of French families," he said into the microphone, "have been flooded out by the Moselle River. I wish we could send them some help."

The following week, Nordmann reached Belfort at the entrance to the Moselle region with 14 trucks loaded with 18 tons of shoes, linen and other articles.

The originators of the Chain go everywhere in French Switzerland with equal success. One Thursday they may venture into the Jura Mountains. Next week they may be standing on the floor of a Geneva department store. Wherever they go, the audience chants the popular slogan: "The Chain of Happiness can't be broken. It must continue everywhere!"

"To one of our few shows in Lau-

sanne," Nordmann told me, "we invited pupils of local schools. One made a wish for school materials for the French children of Brest, and soon we had truckloads of paper, pencils and books. Another time we entered a local hospital to pay the bills of a man who had been sick for 30 years. You should have seen his face light up."

Nordmann and Rollan have collected literally everything from listeners. One week they gathered in chocolate and cigarettes for old people. Next week they visited a local vineyard and were swamped with grapes for hospital inmates. They have received cheese, sausages, toys and even bicycle motors and tires.

When a wish for wood for destitute families was made, a tiny, retired Lausanne nurse organized her personal harvest. With the vigor of 70 years and the help of a few school children, she amassed 20 tons. Her treasure was hauled free to beneficiaries by a Lausanne trucking company.

Such donated services help to explain why the Chain is one of Radio Lausanne's less costly programs. Nordmann is helped by many volunteer workers in finding needy

people and in sorting articles. Most of the gifts are sent by mail the day they arrive. When they do pile up to the ceiling in a studio store-room, the trucking firm is usually on hand to haul them away.

"I receive about 4,000 letters a week, some from as far away as Casablanca and Massachusetts," Nordmann says. "So far, only one American—a girl vacationing at Morges—has appeared on our program. But we still spot GIs in the audience and they often come up after the broadcast to tell us how much they like the idea.

"I also have letters which show our idea is spreading. Radio Basel has written that its new Chain of Happiness is tremendously popular with Swiss-German listeners. The Belgian station at Liège has started its own Chain, and studio directors in other European countries are bombarding me with questions."

Currently, Nordmann is drafting plans for a world-wide Chain of Happiness. "I'd like to meet American radio executives who can help me put over my plan and still let me carry on with the Chain in Switzerland," he says. "We couldn't stop the Chain now—even if we wanted to."



Dinner for One

THE LITTLE LADY of the house, by way of punishment for some minor misdemeanor, was compelled to eat her dinner alone at a small table in the corner of the dining room. The rest of the family

paid no attention to her until they heard her audibly delivering grace over her own repast with these words: "I thank Thee, Lord, for preparing a table before me in the presence of mine enemies."

—The Cape Argus



Something new has been added in the fight against one of winter's worst problems

Hotfoot for Snow

by JAMES J. WELCH

AS SNOW BEGAN TO FALL ON New York City last December 26, maintenance men in scores of buildings got ready for a weary task—clearing off the sidewalks. But the swirling flakes did not bother the maintenance man at Best & Company's new store at Fifth Avenue and 51st Street. He merely sauntered into the basement, pulled a switch and went on to other chores.

For almost 16 hours the blizzard raged, smothering the city with the deepest snow in its recorded history. Shovels were useless; pedestrians fought huge drifts.

At Fifth and 51st, however, Best's

sidewalks were like an island in the sea. Pedestrians were bewildered. Something new, they concluded, must have been added to this sidewalk of New York.

They were right. When Best's built its new store almost two years ago, engineers laid a "thermal trap" for snow and ice in the pavement. A network of heating pipes was laid under the concrete. Thus, by merely turning on a small electric pump that forced hot water and antifreeze through 4,000 feet of pipe, the store conquered winter's worst problem.

Snow-melting systems like this

are almost as simple to install as the water pipes in your home. If the area is not too large, the same boiler used for heating your house can supply enough heat for the snow-melting system. Otherwise, a separate heater must be installed.

Pipe coils can be laid either in gravel and covered with concrete or embedded right in the pavement. Heat from the pipes keeps the pavement just warm enough to melt snow and prevent surface water from freezing before it runs off. Antifreeze is mixed with the water to prevent the system from freezing when the heat is off.

Whether snow-melting systems are expensive to install may be judged by the seriousness of the snow and ice problem. They cost from 30 cents to more than \$1 per square foot of heated surface, including labor, pipe, pump, water heater and incidentals.

Take the case of the little settlement atop Snake Hill, near Boston. During the summer, this community of modernistic homes is a rustic paradise. But in winter, snow carpets Snake Hill's only outlet to the world—a quarter-mile road with tortuous curves.

For five winters, Snake Hill residents were virtually marooned when snow fell. Plows were thwarted by the road's steepness; shoveling would have required the services of a small army. So, in the summer of 1947, the folks on Snake Hill decided to do something about their problem.

They hired a contractor to install new asphalt for the road. And in each wheel track, a pair of heating pipes were buried. These were connected to an oil-fired boiler about

the size required for a 12-room house. Each time snow came last winter, one of the families turned on the heater switch. Presto! The tracks were cleared.

Consider the Pittsburgh physician who in winter frequently found himself without a car to answer emergency calls. Snow or ice choked a sloping driveway to his garage. He had a new driveway installed—the old one needed repairs anyway—and in it was embedded a grid of pipes supplied with hot water from a gas-fired heater in the basement. Now when it snows in Pittsburgh, the doctor can take his car out in a hurry.

American Cyanamid Company had winter difficulties because a 600-foot road leading into its plant at Bridgeville, Pennsylvania, became a bottleneck when snow fell. Employees and delivery trucks found it almost impassable. Last winter, it was kept open at all times by a snow-melting system, heated by the plant's waste steam lines.

In Amsterdam, New York, the Bigelow-Sanford Carpet Company had pipes encased in the concrete of a busy truck ramp extending from the basement of a building to the street. Materials now can be moved during the worst weather. At the Beech-Nut Packing Company plant in Canajoharie, New York, engineers expect their heated sidewalks to last longer because no chemicals are required to melt snow.

The Sarco Manufacturing Corporation in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, devised a unique contraption to "detect" snow and start the melting system in sidewalks that connect plant buildings. When flakes land on a delicately balanced metal

plate, the weight trips an electrical control for the hot-water pump.

Officials of a new savings bank in Providence, Rhode Island, have gone a step beyond installing a snow-melting system in their sidewalks. They are putting pipes in the marquee and roof of the building, to eliminate danger of snow or ice falling on passersby. Water from the melted snow is drained off in downspouts.

Snow has always been a major problem to filling-station operators. In Portland, Maine, heating pipes are concealed in 6,600 square feet of pavement around pumps and garage entrances at a new superstation. The clean driveways are an attraction to winter motorists.

ARCHITECTS AND ENGINEERS specializing in airport design are giving serious study to snow-melting systems for runways and taxi strips. Last year, despite millions spent in fighting snow and ice, many landing fields were closed for days at a time. One airport in western Pennsylvania has \$100,000 invested in snow-removal equipment, yet it was impossible to keep the field clear during a week-long

storm, and 300 commercial flights were canceled.

So far, snow-melting systems have been adopted by several airports. In Chicago, a seven-foot strip of heated pavement 514 feet long is installed in front of the new American Airlines hangar. It keeps the doors from freezing shut and leaves open space for moving aircraft out. At Pittsburgh, a melting system protects a taxi strip in front of a private hangar.

Although "heated highways" may still be just a dream, the success of small snow-melting systems has demonstrated the practicability of the idea, especially at dangerous intersections, on steep hills and at grade crossings.

In Oregon, the Highway Department has installed a melting system on an approach grade near Klamath Falls. Water, heated by a hot-water artesian well near-by, is forced through pipes buried in the concrete.

If the Oregon experiment is successful, it will be followed by similar experiments in other communities which have long sought a weapon against one of winter's greatest hazards—snow.

Salesmanship

"HOW DID YOU MANAGE to sell so many tickets for your school event?" a fond father asked his daughter.

"Well, father," Mary replied, "it was really quite simple. As you know, everybody is looking for an excuse not to buy tickets. Bearing that in mind, I went prepared. When I called on a victim, I would



let him see the tickets in my hand. Then I would say, 'Mr. Jones, what are you doing on November 15?'

"He would reply, 'I'm tied up on the 15th—if it were some other night, I'd gladly buy a ticket.'"

"Then I'd say, 'Well, these tickets are for the 16th—now come on, buy one.'"

—Wall Street Journal



HE SELLS Faith TO CONVICTS

by HERMAN BONCHER

As "sponsor" for more than 1,000 parolees, a Cleveland humanitarian has shown how a helping hand can reclaim men in trouble for a life of useful citizenship

IN THE LAST 25 YEARS, Art E. Kranz, a Cleveland businessman, has pushed open prison gates for more than 1,000 convicts. Known to wardens of penal institutions in nearly all the 48 states, the president of the Stearns Printing Company manufactures faith as a side product and sells it to prisoners of all races and faiths.

The main obstacle to many a convict's hope for parole is his inability to find a "sponsor"—someone to guarantee a home and job. The second stumbling block is the difficulty in securing approval of a parole from the trial judge and prosecuting attorney.

Besides vouching for more than 1,000 convicts he had never met

and procuring the requisite official approvals, Kranz has helped many rebuild their lives after release. Scores of his protégés hold responsible jobs or are running businesses of their own.

Kranz, a medium-sized man of 53, screens from the daily stream of prisoners' letters those which sound sincere. Then he writes for the prison records. He never intervenes for sex offenders, whom he regards as medical cases, or for killers. Embezzlement, car theft and robbery lead the list of offenses committed by convicts he has helped.

While aiding an average of 40 to 50 convicts a year, Kranz carries on a tremendous correspondence with wardens, parole boards, judges, prosecutors and other officials, as well as with convicts' relatives and prospective employers. When his letters fail to overcome objections of judges or prosecutors, he goes to see them, armed with winning arguments.

A Pennsylvania judge refused to approve parole for a man of 28, serving the seventh year of a 15-year sentence for armed robbery. He insisted the prisoner should serve at least four more years. Kranz could

not budge him until he propounded this question:

"Do you believe this man will be less bitter and better prepared to make a place for himself in society four years from now—or now?"

The majority of the convicts he has liberated are from the Cleveland district, and they make his office their first port of call after release, many being required to do so by parole terms. They find an alert-looking man with a trim mustache, almost dapper, without a trace of benevolence, condescension or self-importance.

The ex-convicts who have posed the greatest problems are men who insist they were "framed." The term extends beyond its ordinary meaning, to cover claims ranging from complete innocence to over-severity of sentence. Kranz attacks this resentment in various ways.

"You helped to frame yourself," he reasons with one. "When you were picked up, what kind of a record did you have? What kind of friends did you have? If you didn't give yourself the best breaks, why should you expect others to?"

When a man is overly bitter, Kranz warns: "Don't sacrifice the future to try to remake the past."

Kranz must be able to size up character and situations swiftly. Some ex-convicts fare best on sympathy, others on cold realism. Rarely does a protégé turn against him. Of the more than 1,000 cases he has handled, the 21 who failed to make good included several who were not only troublesome but threatening. Only once in his career has Kranz had a physical encounter with an ex-convict.

The man was a strapping six-

footer, who called on Kranz several months after release. Kranz, busy at his desk, saw that his visitor was extremely agitated.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"It's tough going. I'm trying to stay away from bad company, but I've got nobody to talk to, no friends. It's work all day, then alone in my room nights. Some ways, it's worse than being in the jug."

Kranz nodded understandingly. "Here's a thought," he said. "Why not start 'socializing' your evenings in a church?"

As he elaborated on the idea, the six-footer's eyes lighted up. "Sounds good," he said. "I'll try it."

Two months later the big fellow dropped in again, but this time he was obviously in a dangerous mood.

"All right," Kranz greeted him snappily. "You look tough. Suppose you tell me about it."

The man's voice held an accusing edge. "I did what you told me," he said, "started going to church and to the men's meetings. Didn't see anybody there I knew. Last night, in a discussion, I made some remarks. A guy in the back cracks, 'Yeah! What about the time you done?'"

Kranz sensed that the ex-convict held him to blame, and knew that words would be of no avail. Kranz, only five feet six, came to a swift decision. He stepped over to the big man and deliberately flicked a hand across his face.

The giant's face turned ashen gray. But Kranz, ready to dodge a blow, added insult to injury. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You should have stood up and looked that man in the eye and told him, 'Yes, I made a mistake. But I paid for it. And now I'm just as

good as you or anybody else in this room.' And why didn't you? Because you're yellow! You're still afraid."

The six-footer was breathing hard, his lips were trembling. Then the ex-convict got up wordlessly and walked out.

Two years later, a tall well-dressed man called on Kranz. It was the ex-convict. But now his expression was serene, he looked at peace with himself.

"Had a stopover on my way to New York," he said. "Thought I'd pay my respects."

He was living in Detroit, had married, had a child, had made good as a steel salesman, was earning \$10,000 a year. He smiled gently at Kranz, then walked over to a table and pointed to the chair alongside. "This," he said, "is where I was sitting when you slapped me. I want to thank you for that. I quit being afraid."

MANY EMPLOYERS, INCLUDING 20 of Cleveland's top industrial and business firms, have shared with Kranz his faith in ex-convicts and have given them jobs. In most instances, the employers take great care to cover up a man's past, for his as well as their own protection, since some workers object to working alongside an "ex-con."

The faith of one employer, a Cleveland supermarket owner, astonished even Kranz. The proprietor had hired a parolee, 22, who had served three years for a \$50 holdup. Meeting the employer several months later, Kranz casually inquired how the new man was doing. The employer's reply almost made Kranz jump.

"He's all right," the store owner

beamed. "He hauls my cash to the bank two or three times a week. But you don't have to worry. I'd trust that man more than I would anyone else working for me."

Many ex-convicts work so hard to erase the stigma of their past that they are reluctant to share their secret, even with the girls they plan to marry. If they consult Kranz he counsels, "Tell her everything." Some remonstrate.

"Any time we have a quarrel, she can bring that up," they argue.

"You'll have to take that chance," Kranz advises. "If you don't tell her, you're in a worse pickle. If you should ever be picked up as a suspect, or even on a traffic charge, your record jumps out. How will you look to her then?"

Kranz turns down all invitations to visit the homes of his successful protégés, just as he discourages regular contacts once an ex-convict gets off to a good start.

"It's better for them to erase all prison memories," he explains. "I am a link to those memories."

Kranz became interested in prisoner rehabilitation in 1922 through the late Sam Williams, a fellow member in The Gideons, the organization of businessmen that distributes Bibles in hotels and other public places. For years, Williams had helped prisoners and parolees. The nonprofit corporation formed recently by ten Cleveland business and professional men to aid Kranz in his work was named the Sam S. Williams Plan Foundation.

Kranz was the youngest son of a locksmith who had been brought by his parents to this country from Germany as a boy. After leaving high school in his last year, Kranz

was apprenticed in a wood pattern-making shop. After four years there, he quit to take a job as shipping clerk with the Evangelical Publishing Company. Six months later he became a salesman in the job-printing department.

Kranz brought in the orders. He was 21, intense, eager to make good. Three years later he transferred to the Stearns Company.

There was time out in World War I for service with the Chemical Warfare Division, and then he returned to Cleveland, where he made his first investment in the Stearns Company with a modest \$500 and became secretary.

In 1922, when Stearns died, Kranz became president of one of the most prosperous small printing firms in the city. And its staff of ten employees has varied little throughout the years.

Most of Kranz's civic and community activities are sandwiched into luncheon periods. As program chairman of the Cleveland Crime Clinic, he brings experts on criminology, sociology and allied fields to address the select group, composed principally of judges, city officials and professional men. He is also active in the Shriners, in vet-

erans' affairs and in the Men's Club of the Church of Our Lord (Evangelical United Brethren).

In the summer, he gets away for an occasional game of golf or a little fishing. "But you know how it is," he explains. "I've got to keep close to the office. There's always someone in trouble."

Many of the boys whom Kranz helped to free from prison served overseas with distinction in World War II. Kranz particularly treasures a letter he received from one youth, who had spent two years in prison for forgery. The letter was dated just four days before the man met death on Iwo Jima. Near the end, the letter said:

"So you see, Mr. Kranz, it's pretty rugged here. Seeing so many of my buddies die, and not knowing how soon my turn might come, makes me wonder sometimes what it all means. When I begin to feel myself sinking, I think of one thing. What made you, a stranger, come to my rescue? What made you so sure that I could be a decent guy?"

"I can't think of any answer except maybe it was just a strong faith in mankind. And that thought about faith, like your faith in me, helps an awful lot."



No Waiting List

A YOUNG COUPLE was having an intimate family discussion over the question of whether to buy a new automobile or have a baby.

They realized they could not have both, so they finally decided to have a baby—because they could get it more quickly.

—CHARLES E. WILSON in *Pathfinder*

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KATHARINE CORNELL
First Lady of the Theatre

Women of Achievement

YOUSUF KARSH is the world's most-famous portrait photographer. Lord Beaverbrook, seeing the artist's portrayal of him, spoke these words: "Karsh,

you have immortalized me!" Hundreds of renowned men and women, like Katharine Cornell, the great actress, have sat for Karsh portraits.



LILLY DACHÉ
Milliner

LILLY DACHÉ, queen of milliners, is intensely alive and spontaneous. Brimming with ideas, she is able to change looks and personality with every change of hat. To me, she is the very best advertisement for her art, since each hat she puts on seems to suit her a little better than the previous one.



ELIZABETH ARDEN
Business Woman

I PLANNED to photograph Elizabeth Arden in the afternoon, but the first glimpse convinced me that this was not the proper hour. Immersed in her

work, she seemed burdened by the attempt to beautify every woman in the world. Earlier, on another day, I caught this characteristic pose.



MARIAN ANDERSON

Artist

THERE WAS an indescribable expression I sought for Marian Anderson—one to convey her deep love for her people. Something was missing—until her accompanist played *The Crucifixion* and Miss Anderson softly hummed. Then, all the pathos and greatness of the woman came to the fore.



ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

Stateswoman

WHEN I ARRANGED to go to Washington to photograph Mrs. Roosevelt, my friends warned me that a satisfactory picture of her would be difficult

to obtain, that she was not photogenic. I knew that such a vivid personality *could* be photographed. When I saw the result of my effort I felt rewarded.



CLARE BOOTHE LUCE
Playwright

DESPITE the intellectual glamour that surrounds Clare Boothe Luce, she is one of those rare women who do not allow their beauty to distract from a

conversation. She does a great deal of her own typewriting at this little bridge table, working at great speed yet always looking perfectly groomed.



DOROTHY DRAPER
Decorator

A HANDSOME and very positive woman is Dorothy Draper. Used to having her way, I had to convince her that I would require more than just a few min-

utes of her time. When I had finished the portrait I knew that I had met a brilliant and resourceful person—a dynamo of feminine energy.

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BEATRICE LILLIE
Comedienne

BEATRICE LILLIE thinks that her Canadian birth explains why her elfin humor is so popular on both sides of the Atlantic. "It is a good cross between

British and American," she told me. Her apartment walls are covered with paintings that she does herself, working with fresh colors and sweeping strokes.



MARTHA GRAHAM
Dancer

I WAS IMPRESSED with the stark simplicity of Martha Graham's apartment. There were a few pieces of furniture, but no pictures and no radio—

no distracting odds and ends. She seemed the kind of creative being who is concerned solely with the aesthetic satisfaction she derives from her art.



BARBARA ANN SCOTT

Queen of the Ice

I HAVE BEEN TAKING portraits of Barbara Ann Scott since she was 11 years old, always with the sense of photographing a doll. So, it is no surprise to

me that despite her triumphs she has remained sweet, fragile and simple. In this interpretation, I see her as an ethereal being atop a silver cloud.



LILY PONS
Coloratura

NO ONE FEELS INDIFFERENT while listening to one of Lily Pons' concerts. Likewise, no one can escape her charm while talking with her person-

ally. At first, you would take her for a dancer, but when you hear her sing, you know you are listening to one of the few superb coloraturas left in the world.



SISTER KENNY
Humanitarian

FAITH SHONE through the fatigue on Sister Kenny's face. But she was a remote personality, consecrated to one goal, and I did not get what I wanted.

Then a girl told me how the Kenny treatment had saved her from the ravages of polio and I saw in the portrait what had previously escaped me.

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Speak to Success!

by J. LEONARD REINSCH

I WAS INVITED recently to dinner with the family of an old school friend. As we sat down at the table, Tom, my host, muttered what I supposed was a blessing, but I didn't understand a word he said.

The meal progressed uneventfully until Tom's ten-year-old son pointed to the roast beef and mumbled something that sounded like, "Mo ro be ple." Immediately sparks began to fly.

"I've told you over and over, Jackie, to speak so we can understand you!" growled his father. The mother nodded, and uttered some gibberish about Jackie's indifference. The child frowned, then pushed his chair back and ran from the room, crying.

"I don't know what to do with that boy," said Tom. "Mumble-mumble. He never says anything you can understand." Then he looked earnestly at me. "You're a speech expert," he continued. "What's wrong with him?"

"The trouble lies with you two," I said in honest reply. "Neither of you speaks properly and Jackie is only imitating you."

For a moment they both looked hurt. Then Tom's face admitted his

guilt. "Maybe you're right," he said quietly. "Come to think of it, the boss at the office has griped a lot about not being able to understand me. But I always thought he was just being grouchy."

"I suppose I'm also to blame," said Tom's wife, even then mouthing her words so that it was hard to understand what she said. "I've tried so many times to express myself at PTA meetings, but I'm so afraid to open my mouth that I just don't speak at all."

While these two young parents admitted their speech shortcomings, I thought about the scores of persons I have known with similar problems who were totally unaware of their faults. There was my minister friend who could never preach effective sermons, and who froze up at meetings with the church elders. Every year he was transferred to a less-prominent pulpit.

I remembered a stock clerk who was ambitious and wanted to advance, but who failed miserably when he tried to discuss his future with the office chief. And there was the pretty young schoolteacher who came to me in tears, explaining that she would never give another history lecture because her students

either ignored her or laughed at her high-pitched voice.

In each case, the unhappy persons were what I call mumble-mouths. They swallowed and chewed words. Fear of speaking grew out of their inability to talk in an interesting, understandable manner. This business of chewing up words can be an expensive diet, costing many men and women a raise in salary or a chance at a better job.

The president of a large manufacturing company told me of a promising junior executive who had devised a new marketing plan. The president asked him to explain it at the next sales meeting, but the young man—obviously terrified at the prospect of speaking to a large group—begged off. The assignment went to another assistant.

"The young man who gave that speech is now a vice-president," the head of the company explained, "because he knows how to talk with people and sell them goods. The man who worked out the marketing plan is still in his same job."

THE NEED FOR EFFECTIVE speech is not a new idea. Demosthenes realized the fact centuries ago and overcame a weak voice to become the greatest orator of Athens. Abraham Lincoln, while still an uneducated backwoods lad, began to teach himself to speak effectively, realizing the need for such ability in public life. More recently, men like Franklin Roosevelt and Dwight Eisenhower have proved the value of knowing how to translate words into clear, compelling speech.

Perhaps you think that only a few gifted men and women can be good speakers. That is not true. Na-

ture has given nearly everyone the necessary parts for building a fine talking machine. You may never become a famous radio personality, but you can brighten your chances for success merely by improving your speech.

An aspiring young actress named Joan Crawford studied diligently to overcome a Texas drawl and in time became one of Hollywood's top stars. A high-pitched voice and a tendency to stutter handicapped an English statesman until he licked his difficulties and became a world-renowned orator. His name is Winston Churchill.

All you need to bring your own speech rating up to A-grade is an understanding of your voice and how to use it. The voice is manufactured only after a trip along a human assembly line. If you could see the process by X ray, it would look like this:

You take in a breath of air—fuel for your voice. Then you exhale and the air is pushed up by your diaphragm into your voice box. Inside this box are vocal cords that vibrate as the air rushes through, producing tones. The sounds then travel up from the voice box to the mouth and nose, which act as amplifiers. You can compare the voice box to the mouthpiece of a saxophone, and the mouth and nose to the horn itself. If you stuff a handkerchief into any part of the saxophone, the tones become muffled. The same principle applies to your voice.

The sounds are finally manufactured into words by the tongue, palate, lips and jaw. You make vowels by changing the shape and size of your mouth. Consonants are pro-

Signposts to Good Speaking

1. Look at your audience, whether it is one person or a thousand.
2. Breathe deeply and make full use of your diaphragm.
3. Keep the pitch of your voice down but use more force if you want to make yourself heard more distinctly.
4. Open your mouth and let the words come out.
5. Form each word carefully so that it can be understood.
6. Keep your mouth free of cigarettes, pencils or gum while talking, for such objects hinder correct speech.
7. Sit or stand erect, with your throat and jaw muscles relaxed, so that you can breathe and speak with ease.
8. Be pleasant, confident and positive in your speech delivery.

duced by stopping or blocking the tones from the voice box.

See how the parts fit together? But the good speaker has all the parts working at top efficiency. That means learning to breathe properly, keeping the vocal cords flexible so that tones are low and pleasing. It also means relaxing all parts of your mouth, so that you can form your words clearly and distinctly. And then there's the matter of speed.

About 120 words a minute is a good average, though it varies with the individual. And don't try to fit an exact number of words into every ten seconds. You will sound like a robot. Break your sentences into logical thought combinations and use pauses naturally for variety and emphasis.

You can achieve a better voice by practicing ten minutes daily for a month. So why not start today with these simple exercises?

Proper breathing: Take deep breaths and force your diaphragm to expand. Pant like a dog and do it with enthusiasm. Try laughing as you slowly exhale, saying "ha-ha-ha" or "ho-ho-ho" over and over

again. As you exhale, try saying words like "hat" and "hot." Notice how explosive words quickly use up your supply of air. Don't be discouraged if you get tired the first few days. That shows your diaphragm is lazy from little use.

Proper pitch range: Relax your throat and jaw muscles by rolling your head in a circular motion. Opera stars often lie down before a performance and allow their bodies to go limp. Yawn and work your jaws slowly from side to side. Read in a stage whisper until your vocal cords get tired. Then notice how much deeper your voice sounds.

Clear tones: If your voice sounds nasal, it is not because you are talking through your nose. On the contrary, you are blocking off your nose, which is such an important loud-speaker. Try humming and directing the tones through your nose. Practice words containing *m*, *n* and *ing*. For example, *home*, *zone*, *money*, *singing*, *towing*.

Proper articulation: To speak correctly you must be distinct. Consult a dictionary and notice how vowels and consonants are pro-

nounced in various ways in various words. The letter *a* sounds differently in each of these: *arm, awful, ask, cake, fare*. Be careful about the letter *u*. Don't say *Toosday* or *stoo* for *Tuesday* and *stew*.

Avoid pronouncing the letter *e* like an *i*. Listen to yourself read: *lend, penny, penguin*. Correct yourself if you are making the words sound like: *lind, pinny or pinguin*.

Most of us are lip-lazy, which accounts for misuse of consonants, made by placing your tongue, lips, teeth, palate and jaw in different positions. Practice alliterative sentences to limber your speech organs. Here are some examples:

1. Limber Lena leaped laughingly after lazy Lollie.
2. Meaninglessly meandering, Melina managed to master Monday's memory work.

3. Grass grew green on the graves in Grace Gray's grandfather's graveyard.

If you follow these simple rules faithfully for ten minutes a day, you will improve your speaking voice within a month. Proof is offered by a 73-year-old widow in my neighborhood. Not long ago, she dropped by to ask for assistance. She wanted to nominate a friend as president of her Garden Club but was so self-conscious about her high-pitched voice that she hesitated to get up and speak. I gave her some speech exercises and checked with her a few weeks later.

"Oh, yes, I made the nominating speech," she confided, "but something funny happened. The members were so impressed with my talk that they turned around and elected me president!"



Sign Language

Notice posted on the wall of a summer hotel in New York State: "In order to prevent the guests from carrying fruit from the table, there will be no fruit."

. . .

As seen in a New Jersey theater: "Coming attractions: *Mother Wore Tights*, also Selected Shorts."

—NANCY HEBNER

. . .

Notice in the window of an Erie, Pennsylvania, butcher shop: "Smart Lad wanted. Not too Smart. Apply within."

. . .

Poster in a Chicago post office: "Bad officials are elected by good citizens who do not vote."

. . .

At a New Jersey intersection: "Cross Road—Better Humor It!"

—*Jumbo Entertainer* by HAROLD HART

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SIZE...



MILTON REYNOLDS of ball point pen and globe girdling fame writes...

"When Bill Odom and I flew around the world in a record breaking 78 hours and 55 minutes, we carried only those things that paid their way. The pocket-size package that eased the fatiguing grind with smiles, reflections, and entertainment is the magazine that's 'right on the ball'—Coronet!"

STYLE...



JOAN CAULFIELD, star of Universal-International's "Larceny", says...

"Coronet's multitude of variety features are presented in a unique style that leaves you thrilled with the issue you've just seen—and eager for the next one to come. Each new issue seems to bring with it a gay, festive atmosphere that bespeaks fun and interest from the very cover. That's why, when I think of Christmas giving, I automatically think of Coronet. It's a natural."

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- 3** ... bills you in January 1949 when other Christmas expenses are a thing of the past!



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Gift**

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A postage-paid reply envelope appears elsewhere in this issue.

MAURICE CHEVALIER: Prince Charming at Sixty



After 48 years on the stage, a gifted Frenchman is still an international idol

by LAWRENCE LADER

WHEN MAURICE CHEVALIER arrived in New York more than 20 years ago, he walked down Broadway, blinking in wonder at the myriad lights and soaring towers. Suddenly, high atop a building, he spotted a moving sign spelling out... C... H... E... V... V...

Although already the idol of Paris and London, Chevalier was still relatively unknown on this side of the ocean. "Only one day in New York," he murmured delightedly, "and they are putting my name in the sky."

But a moment later, the moving sign completed its message . . . R . . . O . . . L . . . E . . . T .

Chevalier shrugged sorrowfully, lamenting not so much the ending of this brief immortality but the oversight of America's entertainment capital in featuring the name of a car instead of his own.

Chevalier, however, was quick to rectify the oversight. Soon after his arrival in Hollywood, and the success of pictures like *The Playboy of Paris*, *A Bedtime Story* and *The Smiling Lieutenant*, his name was emblazoned in lights not only over New York but over virtually every town in the United States. His films were translated into a dozen languages. North Africans in Algiers and Argentinians in Buenos Aires, Letts in Riga and Spaniards in Barcelona, were soon flocking to

see Chevalier by the millions.

In Japan and China, *Love Parade* played to the largest audiences in history. Chevalier's favorite songs, like *Mimi* and *Louise*, were being sung and re-sung in almost every language and dialect. No star had ever captured the audiences of the motion-picture world so completely. In return, Hollywood was soon paying him one of the highest salaries on record—a minimum of \$250,000 a picture.

At a time when Frank Sinatra was still in knee pants, Chevalier's personal appearances brought out devoted throngs everywhere. In New York, where he sang for a few weeks between pictures, not only did the predecessors of today's bobby-soxers jam the streets outside the theater but the audience inside was equally obstreperous. When his train crossed the country, admirers crowded into the station at every stop.

In Paris, 20,000 people turned out to welcome him home after his American triumph. In London, overflow crowds came night after night to a revue which paid him \$20,000 a week. In Spain, Switzerland, Sweden, Denmark, Norway and South America, people who could probably understand no more than two words of his French and English songs were drawn to the theater in droves by the Pied-piper magic of a jaunty straw hat and an irresistible smile.

The years that have passed since 1929, when Chevalier first went to Hollywood, have not diminished his hold on the American public. Returning to New York in 1947, he opened at the Henry Miller Theater in the most hazardous adventure

that any entertainer could undertake—a one-man show. Not only did 1,000 first-nighters crowd in to see him at \$9.60 a ticket, but for weeks thereafter New Yorkers were willing to pay \$6.60 and \$4.80 for the privilege of hearing Chevalier's songs. Then he toured the country for almost a year, packing theaters at every stop.

Today, at 60, after 48 years on the stage, Chevalier is considered the greatest of all international stars. Broadway and Hollywood dopsters, who like to think that entertainment is bound by rigid rules, admit that nothing like him has ever happened before. His greatness is such that it cuts across all boundaries: he is as popular with a \$40-a-week clerk or a shepherd in Australia as he is with a \$100,000-a-year business executive.

In trying to explain Chevalier, psychologists have called him a mass symbol of a romanticized world—a world which has probably never existed, yet which every man or woman has dreamed of living in for just a few minutes.

"A picture-post-card world," Billy Rose calls it. In this world, gentlemen wear flowers in their buttonholes and flirt with pretty girls on the boulevards. The sky is always robin's-egg blue and music is playing around every corner. Hearts are as light as champagne bubbles and sophisticated romance lurks behind every window curtain.

Chevalier expresses the philosophy of this world in his song, *Vingt Ans*. He sings of a young man in love at 20. Ten years later, this same man will laugh at his first gray hair. At 40, he will laugh no longer because his hair will be full of gray;

at 50, he is lucky if he has any hair at all. Hence, in Chevalier's world, one never waits. One makes love, and laughs, and flirts with pretty girls before the whole illusion has a chance to vanish.

CHEVALIER'S SMILE IS breath-taking: it radiates from every part of his face—from his laughing blue eyes and white flashing teeth to the famous underlip which protrudes with devilish impudence and seems to sum up his whole personality. His jaunty straw hat is a crown for the smile. It sits over his right eye at a gay angle as if begging to be tipped to the next pretty girl who walks by. Thinking back over 30 years, Chevalier once described how he came to select it.

"I tried first a felt hat," he recalled, "but it made me look too—what shall I say?—well-conducted. . . . I tried next a bowler, and in a bowler I was something so terrible that I closed my eyes quickly to forget what I saw in the mirror. A cap maybe? But a cap was too bold, too rough. . . . And so, in the end, one day I tried a straw hat, and I liked it. It seemed that between the straw hat and the dress suit there was a little smile, a something gay and debonair, even a little wink maybe."

Then, in a mood of self-deprecation, Chevalier added: "I cannot understand my success. I am not handsome. I have no voice as voices go. I am not a good actor compared with actors of the front rank. What is it that attracts the public?"

Certainly, part of the answer is that Chevalier is one of the greatest artists of his time. He wins his audiences and holds them through sheer

charm and artistry. He knows how to build his performance slowly, when to hit hard and lift his audience out of their seats, when to relax and just let them settle back to bask in the warm radiance of his personality.

In the years before radio and movies could bring a singer to a country overnight, Chevalier learned how to establish this link with his audience by playing every corner of France. His first lesson took place in a Paris honky-tonk when he was a boy of 12. He had dressed in big trousers that came almost to his neck and had put on a red nose. When the audience saw him they laughed. He laughed too. Both sides kept on laughing.

"I was a small boy in homemade costume, trying to sing grown-up songs and act like a grown man," Chevalier recalls. "But I loved those people because they had been good to me, and I think they felt that love in me, and it made a tie between us."

Students of comedy are generally agreed that in the field of pantomime, Chevalier is the only living artist who can approach Charlie Chaplin. He can turn a simple fable into radiant comedy through an inflection, a gesture, a movement of his eye. In *Mon Petit Tom*, the love story of two elephants, he tells how Monsieur Elephant, tiring of provincial life, decides to leave his wife and go to Paris to achieve fame, standing on barrels at the circus. But he fails, and instead of taking the big city by storm, trudges wearily back home.

In eulogizing Chevalier's imitation of the dignified pachyderm, lurching towards oblivion with his

tail and trunk between his legs, the New York *Sun's* critic stated: "Chevalier is a Frenchman and not an elephant, but there are times when reason wavers, and it seems probable that at one time or another he was actually a pachyderm."

CHEVALIER HAS NOT ONLY created a world which revolves around love, but he has managed to keep himself occupied with an almost-endless succession of love affairs of his own. "When Maurice left Hollywood in 1935," said the toastmaster at a luncheon given in his honor recently by the Saints and Sinners, "he knew every pretty girl there but Shirley Temple."

"And now I've come back," quipped Chevalier, "to meet Shirley's daughter."

Chevalier is unabashedly frank about this side of his life. Maurice's most famous affair was with Mistinguett, not only the leading star of the Folies Bergères but generally acknowledged to possess the most beautiful legs in Europe. This was the kind of affair that tabloid editors dream about, for when Chevalier was a struggling youngster of 15, she had told him: "You'll get along, little one. You've got a nice puss."

Five years later, when he was 20 and she 35, they were starred together at the Folies Bergères. Then Chevalier was called into the French Army and did not return to become her dancing partner until 1916. But things were never quite the same. At the end of one dance routine, climaxed by a long kiss, their performance was so stiff the audience laughed. So when Elsie Janis invited Maurice to London to star in her revue, he accepted.

Later, when Chevalier went to New York for the summer, Mistinguett insisted on coming with him. With his manager, they registered at the Hotel St. Regis.

"We took three separate rooms," Chevalier recalled laconically in his autobiography.

Chevalier's only marriage was to Yvonne Vallée, a small, pretty brunette who had started in the chorus and risen to be his dancing partner in a musical revue, *La Haut*. Their life together was marred by one fundamental disagreement. Chevalier did not believe that jealousy should be practiced by women. His wife did. Caught up in the Hollywood social whirl, he insisted on independence. She contended that he had barred their home to her. By mutual consent, they were divorced in Paris in 1933.

Actually, the most important woman in Chevalier's life was his mother, whom he called by the pet name of "La Louque." For years, when his father was barely able to support the large family, she worked endless hours to bring home food for her children. Chevalier adored her, and still wears her ring around his neck. The song, *Prayer*, which he often sings, was written by him especially for her.

When his mother died, he recorded this tribute: "You taught me the laws of honest work. . . . You taught me to walk straight without paying attention to what our neighbors were saying or doing. You had a divine gift of psychology. . . . You were my true, my very great companion, my star."

Looking back on a career that fills 48 of his 60 years, Chevalier is often amazed that he ever man-

aged to get into the theater. Born in a working-class district of Paris in 1888, Maurice had to start earning a living at 11 when his father died. He tried everything from carpentry to painting wax dolls. Then one Sunday his mother took him to a cheap music hall near home. From that moment, he was in love with the stage.

"To me, it was no dingy little music hall," Chevalier recalled later, "but the most beautiful place in the world."

He decided to rehearse an act. But now he was employed in a tack factory, and where could one rehearse there? He thought of the men's room. Two dozen times a day he disappeared from his workbench. When the foreman finally discovered what was going on, Maurice was out of a job.

Deciding to try his act at an "amateur night" at the Café des Trois Lions, he came on dressed as a peasant with big trousers, wooden shoes, his nose and cheeks smeared with red paint. On one arm he carried a market basket with a duck sticking from it.

"What key do you want?" asked the pianist.

"Any key," replied Maurice.

The audience laughed, and kept on laughing at the little boy who was trying to act and sing like a grown man. But the proprietor told him to come back next week. For Maurice, it was the beginning of a new world.

Soon he had a job at the Casino des Tourelles, and was making 12 francs (\$3.00) a week. Then, when he was 15, at his opening night at the Petit Casino in Montmartre, he met his first disaster. In his eager-

ness to put himself across, he chose the most risqué songs possible. Actually, he didn't understand half the words he was singing. The audience froze in shocked silence.

"Send the kid back to school!" someone shouted.

Maurice was booed off the stage. For the first time he realized there were different kinds of audiences. The Petit Casino expected an artist, not a buffoon.

Just when he thought his career was over, a call came from a large Paris music hall. When Maurice was asked to name his salary, he thought of a fantastic figure—ten francs a day. When they offered nine, he was overwhelmed.

"If they had said ten," he admitted later, "I would have signed up for life."

After that, all the breaks came his way. In a few years he was making 1,000 francs a month, then 2,500, and finally 4,000. Maurice had started as a clown, but gradually he switched to the straw hat and tuxedo which were to become his trademark. The addition of dance routines to his act brought him to the attention of the Folies Bergères, and by 1910 he was Mistinguett's dancing partner, an honor that soon put him in the spotlight of Europe's entertainment world.

When war broke out in 1914, Chevalier was called into uniform. A few months later, he fell with shrapnel in his right lung. Captured by the Germans, he spent 26 months in prison camp. The only consolation was that he became fast friends with a British prisoner, who taught him English. Through this command of English, Chevalier later was able to be as much at home

on the American stage as in any French music hall.

Chevalier first returned to the Folies Bergères as Mistinguett's parther, then went to London to star with Elsie Janis. An American tune, *How Ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm, after They've Seen Paris?*—combined with *On the Level, You're a Little Devil* by a new song writer named Cole Porter—made him the rage of the British capital.

But the event which established him as a top entertainer was the Paris opening of *Dédé*, a musical comedy, in 1921. Until then, he had appeared only in sketches. Now he had to carry the whole weight of a three-hour musical. After his first song the applause was deafening.

"I couldn't even count the encores," Chevalier recalled later.

CHEVALIER'S FAME ON THE Continent became so great that even crowned heads began to vie to get him for command performances. One night, Alphonse XIII of Spain and the Queen asked him to appear at a private party at the Ritz in Paris. Without thinking, Chevalier began to sing *Valentine*, a song which described by the action of hands and shoulders what it omitted in words.

Suddenly he noticed Edouard Herriot, the French statesman, burying his head in his hands. Then it struck him that the song might be considered a flagrant insult to the Queen. He finished in a cold sweat.

Next day, the Spanish ambassador knocked at his door. Chevalier expected a rebuke. Instead, the Ambassador presented him with a gold cigarette case—a gift from the King and Queen.

"Then they didn't consider the song too—er—strong?" he asked.

"Not at all," gushed the Ambassador. "In fact, the King wants to learn to sing it himself."

One day an American couple came to call on Chevalier. The man was Irving Thalberg, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executive; his wife was Norma Shearer. Thalberg asked Chevalier if he would like to make a screen test. But Chevalier, who had never heard of Thalberg, turned down the idea. After they had left, his manager, Max Ruppia, wailed: "Maurice, don't you know you've put off the most important man in American movies?"

Startled, Chevalier sent Ruppia to bring them back, and next day the test was made. But Thalberg didn't take up Chevalier's option, and that evening Jesse Lasky, a Paramount executive, who was also in Paris, signed him on the spot.

When certain American columnists predicted that the French star would show up badly against such native entertainers as Al Jolson, Chevalier quite rationally compared his invasion to that of Georges Carpentier when he came over to fight Jack Dempsey.

"Carpentier and I," he said, "have technique, grace, manners. But Dempsey and Jolson — they have the punch, the-knockout."

Chevalier's uncertainty increased when he got before the motion picture cameras. In his first film, *Innocents of Paris*, he was playing opposite a youngster whose part required that he burst into tears. Chevalier's job was to make faces, sing, dance, do anything to make the child smile again.

Wise to the ways of Hollywood—

of which Chevalier was blissfully ignorant—the youngster kept getting behind the French star so the cameras could photograph nothing but the back of Chevalier's head. The director reproached the child, and they shot the scene over. But the kid repeated the trick, and the scene was shot a half-dozen times before the director exploded:

"Are you going to just stand there, Maurice, and let a six-year-old kid steal a scene right from under your nose?"

Chevalier at first was confused by the American phenomenon known as the press agent. They surrounded him with so many photographers that he began to be stingy with his famous smile. One day, as a photographer neared, a press agent rushed over, crying: "The smile, Maurice! The smile!"

"The smile," retorted Chevalier, "will be ready when you need it."

But everyone smiled on the Paramount lot when *Innocents of Paris* was released. It was a hit, and one of Chevalier's songs, *Louise*, soon became a national craze. Riding this wave of success, Chevalier was called to New York to star in a late evening revue on the Ziegfeld roof. New Yorkers rushed to see him, and the critics raved.

From 1931 to 1934, Chevalier was starred in a string of pictures that made him the top international star. There was *Love Parade*, *The Smiling Lieutenant*, *Waltz Dream*, *The Big Pond*, *The Way to Love*, *Her Cardboard Lover*, *A Bedtime Story*, *One Hour with You*, *Love Me Tonight* and *The Merry Widow*.

But at the peak of success, Chevalier began to grow dissatisfied with his playboy roles. "If I have to go

on being cute," he complained, "doing nothing but wink and make love, and walk in and out of bedrooms, then I really think I should go back home."

In the midst of this debate, he left Paramount for M-G-M and a three-picture contract at \$250,000 each. Then a new issue arose. Chevalier suggested that instead of Jeanette MacDonald, who had been cast opposite him in his last three pictures, M-G-M should sign a sensational young singer named Grace Moore. She had made *One Night of Love* for Columbia Pictures, and had become a top-bracket star overnight. Columbia agreed to lend her to M-G-M—but only if she were billed ahead of Chevalier.

Thalberg explained the terms to Chevalier. "But that's impossible," Maurice said. "My contract stipulates my name must come first."

Instead of debating the issue, he decided to make the picture with Miss MacDonald so he could return to France while he was still at the pinnacle of stardom. Back at the Casino de Paris, Chevalier once again became the rage of Europe. Then, in 1939, war broke out, and Chevalier went to the Western Front to entertain troops.

IN 1943, UGLY RUMORS began to leak back from France. One correspondent reported that Chevalier had performed in Berlin. *Variety* carried a story that he had broadcast for the Nazis over Paris radio. In August, 1944, a picture of Chevalier being escorted around a prison camp by German officers was carried in American papers. Then the *New York Times* topped off the rumors by reporting

his death at the hands of the French underground.

Although the rumors have never been completely untangled, a French court after the war exonerated Chevalier of any suspicion of collaboration. The Chevalier executed by the underground turned out to be the mayor of a town near the Swiss border, who was actually a collaborationist. As for Chevalier's prison-camp appearance in Germany, he testified that he performed only after the release of ten Frenchmen was promised. According to Danton Walker, the columnist, Chevalier had actually joined an underground group known as "Les Etoiles" (The Stars), for which he served as a letter carrier.

But the most impressive evidence comes from the French people themselves. When Billy Rose was in Paris, he talked to the Paris correspondent for *Variety*, who had worked with the French underground for years.

"I asked him how Chevalier rated with the fighters of the Resistance," Rose reported in his column, *Pitching Horseshoes*. "He told me the boys who had to know counted Maurice as one of them."

Today, Chevalier is more loved by the French than ever before. When he walks the boulevards, women smile and men tip their hats. Before he returned to America for his triumphal tour, he accepted an engagement at the ABC Theater and the whole city rushed to hear him.

Yet despite the bright lights and high-voltage world in which Chevalier has lived for years, the impact of poverty and his early years of struggle have created a strange

paradox in his personality. On one hand, there is the familiar Chevalier of the million-dollar smile and eternal charm; but there is also the Chevalier who started as a kid of the streets, who has never forgotten that for years his one object was to earn enough money to buy dinner. And like many poor boys who have risen to dazzling heights, he is plagued by the constant fear that the whole panorama of bright lights and applause is nothing but a temporary illusion that could vanish overnight.

As a result, he often plunges into moods of depression, and indulges in violent self-deprecation. Even at the peak of his Hollywood success, Chevalier felt unsure of himself. "People expected me to be brilliant and witty," he once confessed, "and I simply wasn't."

Yet he never blamed Hollywood. "It was simply I, with my eternal inferiority complex and my gamin character," he said.

It is only logical that, with his moods of melancholy, Chevalier should be one of the most habitual worriers in the theater. He begins to fret at least an hour before each performance. During his recent Broadway appearances, producer Arthur Lesser admitted that in the ten minutes preceding each show, he made it a practice to leave Chevalier completely alone.

During a performance, Chevalier insists that the house lights be kept on. This is not only because he wants to see if there are any empty seats (which would give him additional stimulus for worry), but also so that he can study audience reaction more easily. If he feels that he has failed to win an audience com-

pletely, he lapses into frigid silence after the show.

Chevalier's worry over his work affects all facets of his personal life. Although he enjoys drinking, he never touches liquor during the run of a show. He avoids night clubs with equal determination. Since he habitually awakes at 8 o'clock no matter what time he goes to bed, he has long made it a rule to turn in before midnight.

Worrier that he is on the stage, Chevalier still knows how to relax when away from it. At "La Louque" near La Bocca, his home on the French Riviera, he walks every day, swims regularly in his pool and plays tennis on his own court. His principal hobby is writing. He has already published two volumes of his autobiography, and allots at least an hour each day to writing a third volume.

At 60 Chevalier carries on as strenuous a schedule as he did 20 years ago. Although he turned

down a dozen offers when last in Hollywood, including \$500,000 for the filming of his life story, he will again go before the cameras as soon as he gets a script that he really likes. But the chief reason his friends are confident that Chevalier still has plenty of gay years ahead is the concentrated attention that he gave to audiences during his recent show in New York.

Almost every night, as Chevalier came off stage, he would whisper to an associate standing in the wings: "Did you happen to see that blonde in the third row?"

His long morning walks along Fifth Avenue have increased, usually ending at 57th Street around 12:30 because it is his contention that the most beautiful women in the world pass there at that time.

"How can you prove it?" Ed Sullivan, the columnist, once asked. "Because when I get home," Chevalier retorted, "I've always got a stiff neck."



Improving on the Dictionary

Blot'ter—Something you look for while the ink dries.

—*Daffy Dictionary* by TED TAYLOR and LEONARD LOUIS LEVINSON

Cen'sors—People who ride through sewers in glass-bottom boats.

—JIMMY WALKER

Fat Per'son—One who always sits between you and the aisle in the movie theater.

—NEAL O'HARA in *Tales of Hoffman*

Glut'ton—Somebody who takes

the piece of French pastry you wanted.

—*Gourmet*

In-fla'tion—When the creaking of the pillars of the economic system can't be heard above the rustling of the bank notes. —*Salesman's Digest*

Sim'ple Soul—One who starts out to build a \$7,500 house with only \$7,500.

—*Automotive Wholesaler*

Snob—A person who wants to know only the people who don't want to know him. —*Tales of Hoffman*

Blood MONEY

by RAY BRENNAN



How the FBI followed a trail of ransom to send a cold-blooded kidnaper and killer to the electric chair

CHARLES S. ROSS WAS a handsome, blue-eyed old gentleman of 72, who had a rugged, you-can-trust-me face and square shoulders. Everybody who met him liked his quick, friendly smile.

Another attractive thing about him was his money—about \$250,000 of it. A manufacturer of greeting cards, he retired in the middle 1930s with his assets in cash, real estate and good securities. With his wife, May, he lived in a comfortable apartment at 2912 Commonwealth Avenue, Chicago.

The Ross' serene, well-ordered lives blew up on September 25,

1937. Ross went out to dinner that night, and he didn't take his wife. Instead, he helped his secretary, Miss Florence Freihage, into his car and drove her to the famous dining room of the Fargo Hotel, in Sycamore, Illinois. Miss Freihage was blonde, attractive and about 28 years younger than Ross.

Just before midnight, Miss Freihage—alone in the big car—drove up to a gas station in Franklin Park, a suburb of Chicago. She got to a phone and screamed for the police. Her escort had been kidnaped.

Near Franklin Park, a sedan had driven alongside and forced Ross'

car off the pavement. A man with a gun hopped out of the sedan. As he approached, Ross said in a shaky voice: "I've often thought of being kidnaped."

Miss Freihage said the man snatched her purse, threatened Ross with the gun and took him away. She couldn't describe the kidnaper except to say he was dark, curly-haired, and had thin features and a long nose. There was a second man in the sedan, she was certain.

The police put out a radio alarm, but nothing came of it. The newspapers didn't think much of the story. It sounded strange. But the next day it sounded less so. Ross didn't come sneaking home with a lame explanation and a hangdog expression. He didn't come home at all.

Miss Freihage was as good a friend of Ross' wife as she was of the old gentleman. Mrs. Ross had not accompanied her husband and Miss Freihage to dinner that Saturday night because of a headache.

A check was made at the Fargo, and results were discouraging to scandal. Ross had had dinner there with Miss Freihage, and that was all. He never had been one to drink or chase after women, and he wasn't starting at 72. But he did have a tricky heart that fluttered for medicine several times a day.

Mrs. Ross wept as she said: "If he is kidnaped, my husband can't live long. His doctors say he must have constant attention."

But some Chicago police and newspapermen still wouldn't take the case seriously. Then D. M. Ladd, agent in charge of the FBI in Chicago, went into the case—and came out without any doubts. He informed J. Edgar Hoover that

it was a legitimate kidnaping. So to Chicago went Earl J. Connelly, special assistant to Hoover.

Like all open-minded government agents, Connelly's mind was open to suspicion of everybody. First, he put a couple of polite agents into the Ross apartment—"to intercept phone calls and protect the family." This busy pair accumulated fingerprints of every visitor, including a reporter who got in as a Western Union messenger and was quickly tossed out.

Connelly also dug into the missing man's background, hunting for an enemy, a business double cross, a scandal. He found nothing. Meanwhile, the FBI's policy of secrecy was slapped onto the case for press and public.

ON SEPTEMBER 30, THE FIRST break came. A friend of Ross, Harvey Brackett, retired real-estate dealer, got a letter at his country home at Williams Bay, Wisconsin. Written in Ross' firm script, the letter said: "I am held for ransom. I have stated I am worth \$100,000. Try and raise \$50,000."

The note had been posted in Savanna, Illinois. It was relayed by Brackett to Mrs. Ross, who turned it over to Connelly. He told her to get the money ready, then called on Edmund S. Cummings, a lawyer who had served Ross. At a local bank, they packaged one thousand \$20 bills, two thousand \$10 bills and two thousand \$5 bills. The package was put into a bank vault to await developments.

There was a second note, also to Brackett, two days later. Written in pen by Ross, it gave Mrs. Ross complicated directions for inform-

ing the kidnapers how much money she could raise, and also said to retain a motorcycle rider for "a very dangerous mission."

In response, this classified ad—coded to the kidnaper's demand—was placed in two Chicago papers: "For sale; 1934 Dodge sedan. \$250. William G6genwarth, 5043 South Western Avenue."

The \$250 meant \$25,000, the ransom offered. Mrs. Ross wanted to promise \$50,000, but the FBI men pointed out that the kidnapers might demand double the amount offered. The G6genwarth of the ad was a motorcyclist who had been retained by Cummings.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Ross received a third note, addressed to her through Elton C. Armitage, another lawyer. It had been written by a skilled typist: there were no errors or erasures.

"Please keep this confidential. You are Charles S. Ross' last hope, his own choice as middleman. Somehow, contact Mrs. Ross, using a third person or some other devious means. At any cost, don't let the feds suspect your part. Conclusive proof of Ross' well-being will be tendered before payment."

FBI men now were working furiously in the background. Connelly sent this report to Director Hoover: "All notes bear Ross' fingerprints, or partial prints. There also are unidentifiable prints. These do not match those of any relatives, associates, servants, etc. Presumably the unidentifiable prints are those of the leader of the kidnap gang.

"The typed notes show he has a fair education, and is a trained typist. We know he has been lately in Savanna, because the notes were

mailed there. The typewriter is a new portable."

At the time he made his report, Connelly had 200 special agents working in Chicago on the case. He put 150 of them to checking typewriter shops. It was a long-shot chance—and it paid off. On Adams Street, a clerk recalled selling a new portable four days before. The buyer was a thin man with curly hair and a long nose.

The agent phoned Connelly, and soon a dozen men were checking the area. At a small hotel near-by, the agents picked up the trail. A curly-haired man had been living there under the name of "Peter Anders." He had checked out that day—October 4—carrying a portable typewriter.

The agents went to his room and dusted for fingerprints. One of them was a perfect match for a print on one of the kidnap notes.

The typewriter salesman, the hotel clerk, a maid at the hotel and a neighborhood bartender built up the wanted man's description. He was slender, probably about 140 pounds on his five-foot-nine stature. His nose was big, his eyes large and dark, he was a little stooped. His voice was sharp and high-pitched.

He smoked cigarettes constantly; drank beer sparingly; studied horse-race results in the papers. The FBI now had a pretty exact dossier.

MAIL FROM ANDERS continued to arrive. He asked \$50,000, doubling the ante as Connelly had foreseen. He wouldn't accept G6genwarth, and directed:

"Go to the Joe and Rudy Dolezal motorcycle agency, 1661 Blue Island Avenue. Ask for the name

of a brave, reliable man with a good wheel."

The Dolezal brothers were entirely innocent in the case: Anders apparently had picked them from the classified phone book. Anyway, the Dolezals put Cummings in touch with George Kukovac, a sharp-eyed, long-chinned young man. The lawyer offered him \$250 for a dangerous motorcycle ride.

"For that money," George replied, "I'll ride a motorcycle any place an asbestos squirrel can go."

Cummings took him to the FBI offices, where George settled down to sleeping, reading magazines and playing cards with special agents. The G-men took charge of his motorcycle, put on new tires and tubes, painted it a dazzling white.

Meanwhile, the postman left another letter at Armitage's house, containing exact orders for the ransom payment and a claim check on a local photo-developing shop. Soon, Connelly was examining a roll of developed film from a small camera. The pictures showed the white-haired Ross, a little gaunt but looking well. The kidnaped man was holding a copy of a Chicago paper, dated October 2, 1937. This was what the kidnaper had promised — "conclusive proof of Ross' well-being."

He was standing in a clearing, and in the background were beech and birch trees, their branches bare of foliage. The agents took the pictures to an expert in the U. S. Forestry Service. They wanted to know where such a woodland scene could be found within 500 miles of Chicago.

"That's easy," the expert said. "Early frosts have knocked the

leaves off those trees. I'd say this picture was taken in northern Wisconsin or Minnesota."

Mrs. Ross placed another used-car ad in the *Tribune*. This time the amount was for \$500, which meant agreement to the \$50,000 demand. The auto owner was listed as George Kukovac. Next day, a curt note came from the kidnaper: "Put plan into effect Friday night."

Cummings went to the bank with Connelly and Ladd, got the \$50,000 and crammed it into a zipper bag. The three men drove in an FBI car to the suburb of Oak Park. In the early autumn darkness, three agents awaited them. They moved aside to show the ransom party a strange sight. Young Kukovac stood there in pure white coveralls, gauntlets and helmet, beside a shining white motorcycle.

The costume and the paint job had been specified by Anders. The messenger would be easy to see at any time in the long night ahead. And in the event of an FBI ambush, the man in white on a white motorcycle would give his life in forfeit. He made a perfect target.

The agents strapped the black zipper bag to the motorcycle. Then Connelly handed Kukovac carefully printed instructions.

"I know," Kukovac said impatiently. "I've been studying the orders for two days. Your agents have driven me over the route three times. I won't make any mistakes."

Kukovac swung onto the cycle and kicked the starter. He waited until his watch—set by Western Union time—showed exactly 6 p.m. And then he was off to deliver \$50,000 ransom, and to earn his fee.

At a roadside restaurant, Kuko-

vac stopped for a sandwich, spent exactly 12 minutes there, and rode away. After another 20 miles, he pulled in at a gas station and spent five minutes testing his tires. Then he rolled on again.

As the lights of Rockford loomed ahead, the young cyclist noticed a car behind him. The headlights were bathing his all-white suit and cycle in glare. The lights blinked once, twice, three times.

Kukovac cut his throttle, reached behind and released the zipper bag. The motorcycle coasted for about 300 feet. Then Kukovac sent it off the road into a ditch. He jumped clear and walked straight ahead, not once looking back.

At Rockford, he called Connelly: "All okay. I made the delivery." Then the young man went home. His job was done.

Connelly relayed the news to Mrs. Ross. She and her companion, Miss Freihage, were greatly relieved. The next day, Mrs. Ross got another note, posted in Chicago the previous morning.

"Your husband will be back for Sunday breakfast, if I collect, and if I have an opportunity to get rid of the bills by that time."

Connelly told Agent Ladd flatly: "The kidnaper is lying. Where could he possibly 'get rid of' \$50,000 in currency today? The job would take days, or weeks.

"Anders is probably smart enough to know we have recorded the serial numbers of the bills. He'll want to get rid of all the bills before we make public our lists.

"Anders will stall Mrs. Ross as long as he can. If we let him go long enough, he'll be rid of every ransom bill, and then. . . ."

In the FBI office, a mimeograph was turning out 100,000 copies of the list of serial numbers. Stenographers placed them in envelopes addressed to banks, currency exchanges, police departments, railroad lines, steamship agencies, newspapers, radio stations and government bureaus.

On October 18, ten days after the blood money had been paid, Mrs. Ross finally gave up hope. "I believe that those responsible are unable to deliver my husband," she declared.

Next day, Ladd called a press conference at the FBI office. He read a statement saying only that \$50,000 ransom had been paid and that Ross still was missing. Then he handed each reporter one of the mimeographed lists.

The day after the list was published, a woman in the suburb of Blue Island came across one of the bills in her purse. She telephoned the FBI. Agent Ladd was ready. On a wall of his office was a huge map of the U. S. showing every city, town and village. Into the dot that represented Blue Island, Ladd stabbed a pin with the figure "1" on its head.

Two hours later there was another phone call. Ladd pushed Pin No. 2 into a spot that represented Chicago's South Side.

A drugstore in the suburb of Evanston made the next pinprick. No. 4 was a gas station in Racine, Wisconsin. A Milwaukee bank cashier spotted four \$5 bills and a twenty. Then banks in Winona, Minnesota, came through with \$75 in hot money.

Now the pins on the big map began spreading. Ransom bills

turned up in Indianapolis, Detroit, Toledo, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, New York, Washington, Birmingham, Atlanta, Mobile, Miami and Palm Beach. Anders was getting rid of the Ross blood money almost exclusively in gambling houses and at race tracks.

"Only one person—Anders—is passing the money," Ladd remarked. "What about the other man Miss Friehage says was in the kidnap car?"

Connelly replied: "Anders killed Ross to keep from being identified, and his accomplice in order to hog all the ransom money for himself."

After his fun at Hialeah, Anders headed west. In East St. Louis, Illinois, he gave a bookie \$125 in bad money. In Little Rock, Arkansas, he left \$65. In Denver, he purchased a wire-haired terrier for \$15.

Ladd and Connelly studied their pathway of pins, then called Director Hoover. Anders was heading west, and the Santa Anita race track, near Los Angeles, had a meet coming up. The FBI moved in on Santa Anita, with Hoover and Connelly bossing the job.

Special agents were put behind every ticket window and cashier cage. On January 14, 1938—less than four months after the Ross kidnaping—a curly-haired man stepped up to a betting wicket and dropped a \$10 bill. Agent Murray B. Myerson was working the window. One flash look at the bill was enough. He had spent weeks memorizing numbers.

Myerson grabbed for his hip pocket—but not for a gun. Instead, he pulled out a handkerchief. That was the signal.

"Curly Locks" must have thought he was hit by the Notre Dame backfield. Four husky G-men grabbed him. In 60 seconds they had him in a track office and were emptying his pockets.

Agent Thomas M. Mulherin flipped open the prisoner's billfold. A driver's license and other papers were made out to "Peter Anders." His pockets also held \$945 in cash, a claim check for a car in the track parking lot and a key for a room in a Los Angeles hotel.

In the parked auto was \$2,000 cash. In Anders' hotel room was \$14,400, making \$17,345 recovered in all. Of the money, \$11,200 was in ransom bills.

In the FBI office, Anders first denied knowing anything about the Ross case. Then Hoover said: "We've got your fingerprints and they tally with prints on the ransom notes."

They showed him an enlargement of the fingerprints, and matched them.

"I'll be damned!" said Anders. "I didn't know you could get a print off paper. Glass, metal or wood, yes—but I didn't know about paper. My mistake."

Then he confessed. He was John Henry Seadlund, age 27, from a good family in northern Minnesota. At 17 he had burglarized a café and been caught. They put him in jail, but he broke out, and became an outlaw of sorts. He rolled drunks, stuck up a few groceries, broke into homes.

Hoover interrupted this story of a career of crime to ask: "Where's Mr. Ross?"

"Dead, of course," said Seadlund. "I shot him. I also killed the fellow

with me, a punk named James Atwood Gray. They're dead in a hole up in Wisconsin."

A stenographer typed the confession and Seadlund signed it. His only comment was: "Will I get hanged or fried?"

The G-men loaded him into a plane next day and took him to St. Paul, Minnesota. On the way, he talked to Hoover. "We were only going to rob Ross that night," he confided. "But then the old guy mentioned something about being kidnaped, and I grabbed him."

Seadlund knew little of Gray, except that his partner in a series of holdups was about 22 and had come from Kentucky. And little more than that was ever learned.

From St. Paul, Seadlund directed the FBI men to Emily, Minnesota. In a woods there, he had buried the typewriter case. It contained \$30,000 of the Ross money. Hoover was astounded. This made \$47,345 recovered. And the entire ransom had been only \$50,000.

"I was lucky gambling, particu-

larly at the tracks," the murderer explained.

From Minnesota, Seadlund led the G-men across the line into northern Wisconsin. The snow was deep, and the party rode on sleighs the last 16 miles into a forest north of Spooner. Seadlund pointed to a spot and said, "Dig there." In a boarded-up pit were the chains that had held Charles Ross. Also in the pit were the frozen bodies of Ross and Gray. . . .

I wrote one of the last newspaper stories ever published about the Ross kidnaping and murder. It began this way:

"John Henry Seadlund died in the electric chair at Cook County Jail at 1:12 A.M. today.

"He died without ever having said one word of repentance for having killed two men. He was—right up to the last—the man described by J. Edgar Hoover as 'the most vicious, cold-blooded killer I ever knew.'

"Only a dozen official witnesses saw the execution. . . ."



A Gentleman to the End

IN WINTER AND EARLY spring, President Theodore Roosevelt liked to indulge in "point-to-point" walking—heading straight for a goal and turning aside for no obstacles, whether a high stone wall or running water! Sometimes he and his companions would wade Rock Creek while ice was floating by, or even swim the Potomac. This meant returning to the White House *after dark* lest a disheveled

appearance cause a scandal.

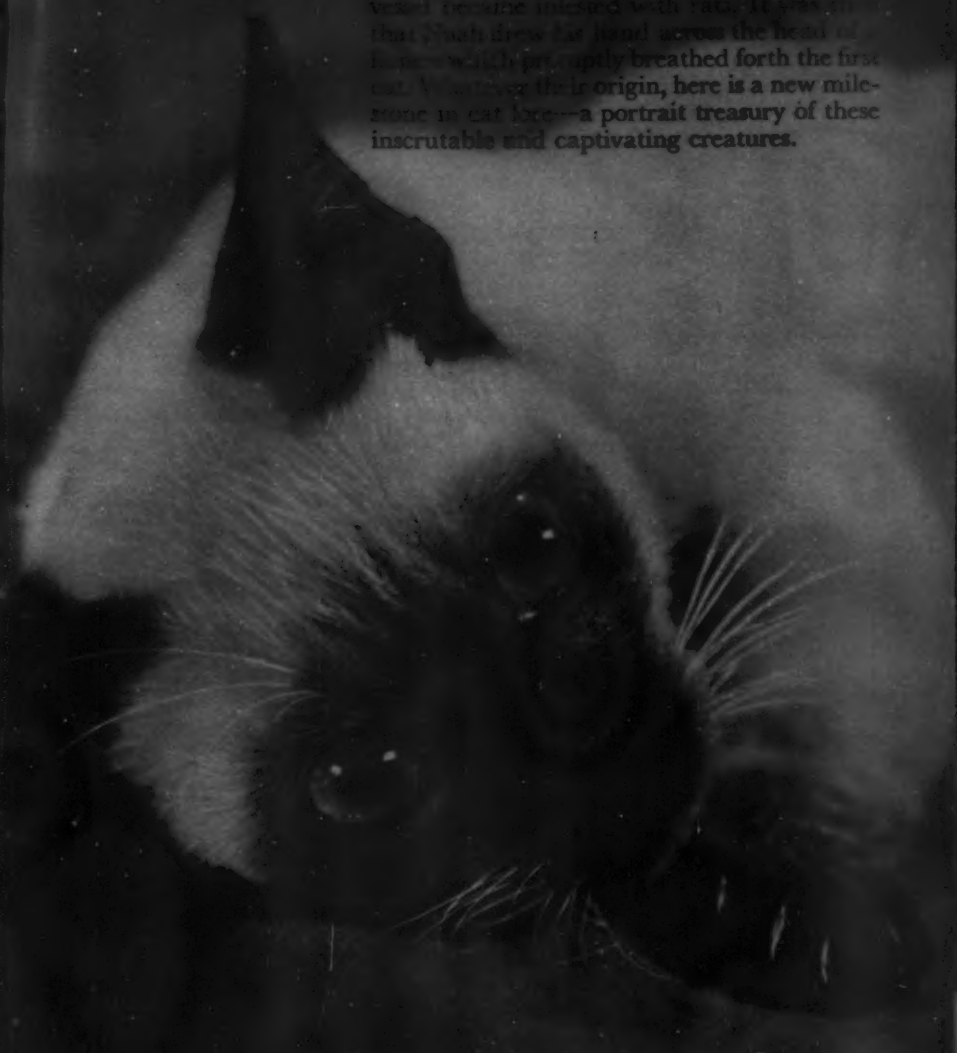
On one occasion, France's Ambassador Jusserand, an honorary member of the "Tennis Cabinet," came along. Just as he had stripped to follow the President into the Potomac, another member of the party cried: "Mr. Ambassador, you haven't taken off your gloves."

To which the Frenchman replied: "I think I'll leave them on. After all, we might meet ladies."

—EDGAR ANSEL MOWBRAY

A Treasury of Cats

According to legend, Noah's Ark had become the watery wastes for some weeks when the vessel became infested with rats. It was then that Noah drew his hand across the head of a lioness which promptly breathed forth the first cat. Whatever their origin, here is a new milestone in cat lore—a portrait treasury of these inscrutable and captivating creatures.





During the 3,600 years in which their history has been recorded, cats have led a multifaceted existence. They have been dowries, sporting and sacred animals, mousers, omens—good and bad—and plain pets.



The cat was first domesticated in Egypt. But skepticism about the thoroughness of the job occurs to even the most confirmed cat-lover when he unhappily watches his pet's assault on a knitting basket.



When Teddy Roosevelt was President, his cat kept Washington gossips well-informed. *Slippers* wasn't seen often, but on the day of a state dinner he was always in sight, sprawled on the White House steps.



Moslems still regard cats with veneration. They say that when Mo-
hammed's cat, *Muezza*, curled up on his master's flowing sleeve, the
Prophet cut the sleeve from his robe rather than disturb his friend.



A time-shrouded superstition has it that the severity of a cat's temper can be measured by the length of his tail. Accordingly, many innocent kittens once had these appendages drastically shortened.



Until recently, an Abyssinian girl likely to inherit a cat was considered a fine matrimonial prospect. And once, cats were so valuable in England that a heavy fine was imposed for the killing of a full-grown mouser.



The Chinese, with their uncommon Oriental logic, may have the ultimate word for cat-lovers. They contend that people who dislike cats are really rats—in another incarnation.

He Saw the Universe Explode

by MADELYN WOOD



On a lonely California mountaintop, one of America's greatest astronomers is exploring the age-old mystery of time and space

SCIENTISTS ALL OVER the world gasped when they heard the news. It was fantastic, frightening. From a lonely California mountaintop, an astronomer had looked into the cold black reaches of outer space, countless millions of miles from the earth, and had seen something that staggered the imagination, something that man had never seen before.

Ever since Galileo looked through his crude telescope and confirmed the theory that the earth revolves around the sun, other great astronomers have looked out into space and shocked ordinary mortals with their findings. Now here was Edwin Powell Hubble, astronomer extraordinary, with the most startling revelation of all. The universe, said Hubble, is exploding!

This was no wild speculation on the part of a mad scientist. It was the sober observation of a man who is hailed as one of America's greatest astronomers. He was ready to back it up with imposing facts and figures that could withstand assault by the world's greatest mathematical minds.

Ever since Hubble made his incredible announcement 18 years ago, baffled scientists have been seeking verification. No telescope in the world was powerful enough to look with accuracy into these outermost reaches of space. Now they have such an instrument—the mighty Glass Giant of Palomar. The space-probing they do with this great 200-inch telescope will take time, but scientists now hope they will learn for certain just what is

happening to the universe we live in. Any time within the next two years, therefore, you can expect to read scientific headlines as startling as those created by Hubble's original discovery.

The story behind this fantastic adventure into the unknown is the story of a man who started out to be a lawyer and ended up as the world's greatest explorer of space, a man who has enlarged our universe almost beyond belief. If you have a pretty good idea of what an astronomer should look like, you would be surprised if you walked into room 19 of the Mount Wilson Observatory offices in Pasadena.

Edwin Hubble is no character with a long beard and a far-off look in his eyes. On the contrary, he is big, his voice booms heartily and he looks squarely at you with eyes that have a built-in sparkle. When he shakes your hand, you sense that he has a genuine liking for people.

All put together, you might size him up as a football coach. As far as athletic ability goes, you wouldn't be far wrong. While a student at the University of Chicago, Hubble was a paragon of athletic prowess, winning letters in swimming, track, basketball and boxing.

Today, at 58, he can still climb a mountain—something an astronomer may have to do when the twisting road to Mount Wilson is blocked by winter snows—at a pace that wearies younger men.

HUBBLE CAME TO ASTRONOMY by an indirect route. Born in the village of Marshfield, Missouri, he spent part of his boyhood in Kentucky, part in a joyous outdoor existence in the Ozarks. As a law stu-

dent at the University of Chicago, he made a brilliant record, won a Rhodes scholarship and went to Oxford. When he came back to America, he opened a law office in Louisville, Kentucky. But soon something began happening inside the young lawyer's mind.

When he should have been thinking about the next brief, he found himself thinking about the stars. His thoughts went back to the Chicago days when he had listened to the story of astronomy presented by two great scientific figures, Robert A. Millikan and George Ellery Hale. The more Hubble thought about it, the more restless he became. One day he closed his law office and went back to school. At the University of Chicago, he got his chance to be an assistant at Yerkes Observatory while continuing his studies.

At the observatory, Hubble for the first time looked through millions of miles of space at flaming suns, whirling nebulae, the mysterious black clouds of matter. True, the 40-inch telescope did not probe far enough to suit the master, George Hale, but nevertheless it gave young Hubble some exciting and adventurous moments.

Meanwhile, astronomy had been provided with a startling new tool that was destined to play a big part in Hubble's life. In California, Hale had won his long fight to procure a really powerful telescope for use at Mount Wilson.

"Come on out," he invited Hubble. That was the answer to a young astronomer's dream—a chance to use the biggest telescope in the world. But the U.S. had just entered World War I and Hubble en-

listed as a private. A few months later he was commanding an infantry battalion in France. It was not until 1919 that Hubble could accept the job in California.

Night after night in the cold loneliness of the big Mount Wilson dome, he peered into the frightening chasms of space. The young astronomer was burning with determination to push back the frontiers of the universe, to make the great 100-inch telescope perform as it never had before. There was a baffling mystery out there in space and Hubble could not rest until he had solved it.

As far back as 1750, an English instrument maker named Thomas Wright got to thinking about the stars. Perhaps instead of a single great system of stars there were many systems, he suggested. The German, Immanuel Kant, then established the philosophical basis for the theory of "Island Universes"—vast star systems far out in space. This was a matter of sheer reasoning, not of observation, for in that day there were no telescopes powerful enough to probe deeply into the heavens. Patiently, astronomers carried out the job of mapping our own universe—the region we call the milky way.

You can picture our universe as a vast revolving wheel, with a bulge at the hub. The distance from rim to rim is something like 100,000 light-years. To translate that to distance, remember that light travels six million million miles in a single year! About midway between the hub and the rim of this gigantic wheel is our little solar system. The sun is just one of the fantastic number of stars that spin around in this

galaxy. Scientists don't know the precise number, but they estimate at least 30,000,000,000.

This great wheel of our universe is spinning, with our solar system moving with it at 175 miles a second. Even at that speed, it takes our earth 224,000,000 years to complete one circle around the hub!

This, then, is our universe, our own galaxy, our milky way. By various complicated methods, astronomers had determined the size of this awe-inspiring celestial wheel. They had explored some of its secrets. But there was a big question. Were all the visible stars and whirling nebulae really part of our system, or were there other galaxies, other milky ways, out in new and uncharted oceans of space? Had Kant been right when he anticipated island universes?

That was the question that challenged Hubble when he started work at Mount Wilson. Astronomers knew that our star system was 100,000 light-years across; yet they hadn't tackled the problem of measuring distances to stars that *might* be outside the system. Hubble, with the enormous patience of the astronomer, concentrated on one—a pinprick of light called Messier 31. Months of work revealed a striking fact. Messier 31 was 750,000 light-years away, far outside our solar system.

If you imagine yourself traveling beyond the rim of our great turning wheel of billions of stars, you would come to a great black, empty region of space. After traveling through that dark abyss, ultimately you would come to other star systems—a mind-shattering number of them, some smaller, some larger, but

most of them about the same size as our own, which, remember, contains at least 30,000,000,000 stars. Yet Hubble estimates that there are about 500,000,000,000,000 of these universes!

Now Hubble might have stopped with the definite proof that there were fabulous swarms of island universes. His place in the firmament of astronomy would have been assured even had he gone no further. Yet he felt a stirring of strange curiosity: there was something he wanted to know about those other conglomerations of stars, so infinitely remote from the speck of dust that is our own world.

As he began his explorations, Hubble had no idea that he would turn astronomy topsy-turvy by his bewildering revelation, which has been labeled "possibly the greatest discovery in the history of science."

What Hubble wanted to know was this: were these mighty island universes just spinning around in the same area, or were they moving through space?

With a telescope, camera, spectroscope and mathematical wizardry, Hubble set out to find the answer. He had a human teamworker, too, a man who would join him in building a great milestone in the history of astronomical exploration. That man was a photographer named Milton Humason, whose own story is remarkable.

Humason quit school at 14. Lured by the fascination of the big telescope on Mount Wilson, he got a job driving the mule team up the mountainside. Eventually he was given a chance to help with photographic work.

Hubble and the other astron-

omers soon recognized that Humason had remarkable ability; he was made an official member of the staff—a truly startling advance for a man with no scientific schooling.

Hubble and Humason set to work with driving urgency to get the answer to the big question. Now how can you possibly tell whether something millions of light-years away is moving or not? Fortunately, science does have a way. There is a basic law which says that when a lighted object moves toward you, the light, if analyzed by a spectroscope, will look more violet. When a lighted object moves away, it will look redder.

Sounds simple, doesn't it? Yet getting a picture of a nebula half-a-million light-years away is not an easy matter. There it is, a tiny speck of light among countless other ones. To keep the telescope focused on it, even with the delicate apparatus provided, is an exacting task. This has to be done night after night to get a single picture, for the amount of light is so small that it must be "accumulated."

Perhaps as many as 70 hours would be required, meaning that ten nights would be spent on one photograph. When such a photo was finally done, it was taken down to the observatory's office in Pasadena. There the amount of spectrum shift would be figured, and then Hubble would go through the intricate calculations required to translate the figure into distance.

It was an exhausting process that took not months but years. Yet Hubble and Humason stuck to it with a growing sense of excitement, for their figures told them they had something big. Farther and farther

outwards they pushed their strange exploration, extracting every last bit of seeing ability from the great telescope. Always the answer was the same. Those remote nebulae were rushing away from our own universe—at speeds up to 24,000 miles a second!

Could such a thing be, or had there been an error in the figures? Hubble went back over them; hundreds of other scientists did the same. No, there was little error—about ten per cent at the most.

To say that the astronomers were thunderstruck is phrasing it mildly. "It's so preposterous," said Sir Arthur Eddington, "that I feel almost an indignation that anyone should believe in it except myself."

OTHER SCIENTISTS CAME forward with all sorts of theories to explain the Hubble-Humason discoveries. "Maybe," said Fritz Zwicky of California Tech, "the idea of an expanding universe is wrong. Maybe the red shift of light is due to the interaction of this light with matter and radiation in the universe."

Maybe, said others, the galaxies weren't moving at all. After some immense explosive action in the remote past, they had stopped moving, but the light emitted while they were still moving was just reaching the earth.

A Belgian scientist, Georges Lemaitre, came up with the notion of the "Universe Egg."

"It was ten thousand million years ago," he said, "that a lone atom, with mass equal to that of the universe, burst. Then the millions of island universes began to take shape for the race through space. This terrific flight is still on—a flight

witnessed by the earth itself, which is part of this colossal atom."

To Sir James Jeans this seemed like proof of what he had said all along—that the universe was radiating itself away, eventually to end up with all matter and energy distributed evenly, and thinly, through space. Richard Tolman, a fellow scientist of Hubble's, pictured a pulsating universe—one that happens to be expanding now but that will some day start contracting, thereupon to expand again.

Who is right? Hubble himself doesn't know. Certainly there is a profound, terrifying mystery in the black chasms of space and time. The answer to what is really happening there may be the key to the fundamental secrets of the universe.

Perhaps we may have that answer soon, for Hubble and other astronomers are going to have the chance to focus a great new eye on the retreating universes. After 20 years of labor, heartbreaking failure and an expenditure of \$6,500,000, the Glass Giant of Palomar is ready for action.

Hubble is chairman of the committee of eminent astronomers who decide how the world's biggest telescope is to be used. But it will take no urging from the man who did so much with the 100-inch telescope at Mount Wilson to make sure that the super-eye is trained on those island universes.

No one knows just how much farther man will be able to see from Palomar, but it is certain that literally millions of light-years will be added to the visible dimensions of the universe. Perhaps Hubble can discover where these hurrying galaxies of his are going. Now there

will be more lonely vigils, more grinding hours spent on mathematical calculations, more nights alone with stars so remote that the human mind simply cannot grasp the distances involved.

WHAT HAPPENS TO A MAN who devotes his life to something so utterly remote from the day-to-day affairs of our puny planet? Edwin Hubble provides a surprising answer to that question. From his joy in such hobbies as fishing, to his concern about the kind of world we live in, Hubble is a well-rounded human being. As a trustee of the Huntington Library and Art Gallery, he works with the same zeal that he expends on astronomy.

When the U. S. entered World War II, Hubble tried to get into combat service, but the Army had a

more important job for him. They made him chief of the Ballistics Research Laboratory, where his knowledge of measuring the speeds of galaxies was applied to measuring the speed of projectiles.

While Hubble keeps his eyes fixed on the galaxies, the world's astronomers are going to keep their eyes turned toward Hubble. His new ventures into space at Palomar are likely to flabbergast not only the man on the street, but the most eminent scientists as well. It has happened before.

After Hubble's first discoveries, many men of science hurried to Pasadena. Among them was Albert Einstein. After listening to one of Hubble's lectures about the "expanding universe," even Einstein could think of just one thing to say:

"Amazing!"

A Little Learning . . .

THERE WAS A MAN WHO lived by the side of the road and sold hot dogs. He was hard of hearing and had no radio. He had trouble with his eyes, so he read no newspapers. But he sold good hot dogs. He put signs up on the highway telling how good they were. He cried, "Buy a hot dog, mister?" and people bought. He increased his meat and bun orders. He bought a bigger store to take care of his trade. He finally got his son home from college to help him. But then something happened.

His son said, "Father, haven't you been listening to the radio? Haven't you been reading the



newspapers? There's a big depression on. The European situation is terrible. The domestic situation is awful. Everything is going to pot."

Whereupon the father thought, "Well, my son's been to college; he reads the papers and listens to the radio and he ought to know." So the father cut down on his meat and bun orders, took down his advertising signs, and no longer bothered to stand out on the highway to sell his hot dogs. His sales fell off almost overnight.

"You're right, my boy," the father said to his educated son, "we certainly are in the middle of a great depression."

—EVERETT TERHUNE in *Ed Murrow with the News*, CBS

Inside the White House



Once every four years Americans talk and argue a good deal about the "man in the White House"—or their choice for the man who *should* be in the White House. But how many know very much about the Presidency, its requirements and the men who have held the office? How sharp are you,

for instance? Below are some questions to which most Americans should have ready answers. Test yourself. Count four for each correct answer. If you score 84 or above, mark yourself "excellent"; 76 to 84, good; 68 to 76, fair; below 68—well, you should know better. (Answers on page 120)

Part A

1. Name the first President-resident of the White House.
2. What is the address of the White House?
3. How old must you be to qualify for the presidency?
4. What is the President's annual salary?
5. Who next becomes President in the event of the death, removal, etc. of both President and Vice-President?
6. With which Presidents were these associated:
(a) The "Kitchen Cabinet"? (b) The "Tennis Cabinet"?
7. Who was President for just one month?
8. How many different Presidents have we had?
9. Name, in order, the states which have sent
(a) 3; (b) 7 men, respectively, to the presidency.
10. Who was President
(a) when the forty-eighth state was admitted
(b) during the Spanish-American War?

Part B

1. Which President is called "the father of the Constitution?"
2. Which President was the first to use the Spoils System extensively?
3. Four of these are names of political parties which have been represented by Presidents. Which one is not (Federalist, Tory, Whig, Democrat, Republican)?
4. The President elected this year will be inaugurated on (first Monday in January, January 20th, March 4th).

Part C

Match these seven chief executives and their nicknames; as 1-A, 2-C, etc.

1. Thomas Jefferson
2. Andrew Jackson
3. Martin Van Buren
4. William Henry Harrison
5. Zachary Taylor
6. Andrew Johnson
7. Theodore Roosevelt

- A. Wizard of Kinderhook
- B. Rough Rider
- C. Sir Veto
- D. Old Hickory
- E. Sage of Monticello
- F. Old Rough-and-Ready
- G. Old Tippecanoe

New Life at Forty-five

by GEORGE W. KISKER

You can enjoy a long and healthy old age if, at the turning point, you start slowing down and watching for danger signals



THE BIRTHDAY party was a bang-up success: everything was going along fine. Then one of the guests slapped the host on the back and asked, "Well, how does it feel to be 45?"

From then on the party fell flat—at least for the host. He couldn't stop thinking about how it *did* feel to be 45. Suddenly he realized that he had reached the midpoint of adult life.

About 2,000,000 other Americans who will reach 45 this year will be thinking the same thing. For most of them—and for about 8,000,000 others between the ages of 43 and 47—this year's birthday is a turning point.

If you are one of these people, it means that the "wear and tear" of life will soon begin to show. What you do and how you take care of yourself—physically and mentally—during the next few years can

mean the difference between a long and healthy old age, and old age marred by chronic illness—or no old age at all!

"The changes which lead to infirmity," says Dr. Edward J. Stieglitz, internist at the National Institute of Health, "begin to accumulate from approximately 40 onward." At this time the first real danger signals—or symptoms—appear. If you neglect them, you will sooner or later be faced with a full-blown disease.

Bob J — neglected *his* symptoms. A successful businessman and member of the city council, he was on numerous committees and played the best golf of any man his age. But Bob overexerted. By the time he was 45, he was beginning to have pains around his heart, his blood pressure was going up and he was suffering shortness of breath.

Bob's doctor advised him to "take it easy." He told him to get more rest and to cut down on his activities. "You work too hard and play too hard for a man your age," warned the doctor. But Bob laughed and continued as he had been going. Two years later he suffered a

heart attack. The rest of his life was spent in a wheel chair.

Symptoms of heart and artery disease are extremely common. Everyone should know that pains around the heart, shortness of breath, pains in the left shoulder and arm, "fluttering" heart and dizziness are warning signals. Maybe the symptoms are related to the heart, maybe they aren't. But they mean that the time has come to see a physician.

If you want to spare your heart past middle age, begin by taking things easy. Don't hurry. Avoid overexertion and strenuous exercise. Walk more slowly. Drive your car more slowly. Go to bed early. And, if possible, take a short nap sometime during the day.

Keep your emotions on an even keel. Avoid worry, fear and anger. Take life less seriously. And above all, don't be afraid to visit your doctor. Listen to his advice and then follow it to the letter. If you do these things, you will be giving your heart the best possible chance.

Mr. K—— owned a large restaurant. No one thought it strange that he began to gain weight steadily after his business was well-established. Then one day—for no apparent reason—he began to lose weight. Also, he became weak. Yet oddly enough, Mr. K—— was eating and drinking more than ever.

Several times he thought of going to a doctor, but he never got around to it. Then one day—while working in his office—he collapsed. He was rushed to a hospital where the doctors gave their verdict: diabetes!

Mr. K—— should have known that the first signs of diabetes are excessive hunger and thirst, loss of

weight and strength. Had he asked for a medical checkup, the doctor would have found an excessive amount of sugar in his blood, pointing to a clear case of diabetes. Most important, the disease could have been controlled much more easily had it been caught in time.

Cancer symptoms are just as vital as symptoms of diabetes and heart disease. The American Cancer Society declares that 50 per cent of all cancer cases might have been saved if the disease had been caught in time. Every woman after 40 should have a periodic examination of the breasts and uterus. And the persistence of stomach discomfort or a change from ordinary abdominal sensations should be checked with a physician at once.

A prominent Philadelphia lawyer went along for years complaining of stomach discomfort. He took all sorts of medicines but never bothered to see a physician. "I have a nervous stomach," he told his wife. "It's nothing but indigestion."

The pains finally became so severe that a doctor was called. Tests all pointed to advanced cancer. The lawyer had procrastinated too long.

Similar cases are occurring every day throughout the country. It isn't always a stomach disorder. Sometimes it is an unusual "lump," sometimes a sore that refuses to heal, sometimes a persistent bleeding from one of the body openings. Such warning signals should be acted on immediately.

YOU CAN'T EXPECT to recognize the symptoms of every disease of aging. Kidney disturbances, skin irritations, bone diseases, prostate trouble in men, failure in hearing

and sight, and dozens of other conditions develop with passing years. By the time you reach 45 you should be familiar with the "normal" functioning of your body. Any change should be investigated.

A fact frequently overlooked is that middle-age "spread" is not normal if allowed to go too far. If you want to live a longer and healthier life, keep your weight normal. Experiments with humans and on animals indicate that diets just adequate in calories and protein, and high in vitamins and minerals, delay the disturbances of advancing years.

Excessive fat puts an extra load on your heart and arteries. High blood pressure is found more frequently among obese people. And when you are overweight, you put more strain on the body joints. This may lead to arthritis. Even diabetes can be prevented or at least better controlled in many cases by keeping the weight a little below normal.

As we grow older the glands of the body undergo changes. Women are familiar with the "change of life" which ordinarily takes place in the forties. Today we know that men go through a similar period a few years later, in which the symptoms are largely psychological.

Ralph B — had been a picture of exuberant health throughout life. Then one day he began to change. He became moody, depressed and irritable. Neither his family nor his friends knew what had happened. After Ralph had threatened to take his own life, his wife managed to get him to a psychiatrist.

"Your case is not unusual," the psychiatrist said. "You are going through a glandular change. Na-

ture has its own way of taking care of these things, but meantime, I want to see you every week."

Ralph went to the psychiatrist for more than a year, and month by month his family noticed improvement. Finally Ralph was his old self again. The psychiatrist had supported him psychologically while Ralph's body was making a physiological adjustment.

"It's impossible to overemphasize the psychological side of growing old," declares a doctor at Rockefeller Institute. "Many people fail to realize that they don't grow old by the clock alone."

What the doctor means is that there are different kinds of "time." We eat by the clock, sleep by the clock, play by the clock and work by the clock. As a result, we feel that "clock time" is the only kind of time. But this isn't true. There is also a psychological time and a physiological time.

Physiological time varies from person to person. Some of us grow old rapidly, some slowly. The rate of wear and tear on body tissues is not the same for everyone. Likewise, psychological time varies. A half-hour's wait at the dentist's office isn't the same as a half-hour on the golf course. Mentally and physically you can grow old slowly or in a hurry. It all depends on *you*.

Look around at the people you know. Everyone is in the process of aging. Like yourself, they are growing older every day. How are they taking it? Study them and you will find that each is reacting in a different way.

"There are three major psychological reactions to aging," explained the late Dr. James S. Plant,

Newark psychiatrist. "During middle age some people force themselves into premature old age. They literally talk themselves into senility. Others try to escape the later years of life by turning their backs, while the best-adjusted people manage to face the problem squarely."

Mrs. William M — is well into her forties. But she never joins a group without breaking into "baby talk." Some friends describe her as "cute" or "kittenish." But most people consider her a bore. Her principal trouble, says a psychologist, "is that she is afraid to grow old. She is so frightened that she has regressed—or slipped back—to childish ways."

Millions of people spend their days worrying about the "dangers" of old age. In fact, they spend so much time worrying about the dangers that they miss all the advantages. Worrying about old age will not delay it—more likely it will hasten it.

The well-adjusted middle-ager "acts his age." He spends his time making each year as rich an experience as possible. Somehow he realizes that an empty middle age can only lead to an empty old age. The best mental and emotional insurance for later years is a wide range of activities, hobbies and friendships.

"The surest way to shorten a businessman's life," says Dr. Harvey Agnew, secretary of the Canadian Hospital Council, "is to tell him to retire. Unless he has an absorbing hobby to fall back on, he'll lose the purpose for which he exists. His mental processes and even his body functions will begin to deteriorate."

Paul K — invented a device for airplane engines. When the war came, the government placed orders for millions of dollars' worth of equipment. Almost overnight, Paul found himself at the head of a large corporation.

When he reached his mid-forties, it didn't take him long to decide what to do. "I've got plenty of money," he told friends. "I'm going to pull out of this business, go to Florida and spend the rest of my days sitting on the beach." And that's what he did—almost.

A year later, he was back home, trying to buy his way into the company. What had happened? Didn't he like Florida? "I loved it," he declared. "But there just wasn't enough to do."

America is filled with men like him. Every year thousands of them find out that retirement is not something that brings its own joys and rewards—like a dish of ice cream or a new car. Giving up your job or selling your business isn't enough. You must be psychologically ready to retire. If you aren't, you will be better off sticking to your job.

Joe B — is the publisher of a country newspaper in Ohio. On his 60th birthday he made a promise to his wife. "Five more years and I'll sell the paper and we'll take things easy." Today Joe is 75—and still at his desk.

"I guess that's the best place for him," says Mrs. B —, "because that is where he *wants* to be."

WE ARE TOLD OVER and over again that we should have a physical examination at least once a year. Yet less than three people out of a hundred over the age of 60

heed this sound advice. Ninety-seven per cent of these men and women wait until something is wrong before they bother about consulting a doctor. The fact is that every person over 45 requires more than just a periodic checkup. What is really needed is a complete "health audit."

If you are over 45, this thorough head-to-toe checkup (with blood-pressure, vaginal and rectal examinations) should usually be augmented with these lab tests: urinalysis, blood count, fluoroscopy (or chest X ray).

Further study—such as electrocardiograms, sugar-tolerance curve or basal metabolism—might be required if your past medical history calls for it. And the doctor can tell from that history whether more detailed examinations of the digestive tract or kidney functions should then be prescribed.

An important part of every health

audit is a study of your emotional balance and personality pattern. If you are emotionally disturbed or troubled, don't fail to discuss the problems frankly with your physician. When he has analyzed the reports, he will give you the advice you need to keep well.

If you don't understand the reason for his advice, ask about it. The more you know about why you must do certain things, the more likely you are to cooperate in a conscientious way.

In order to enjoy a long, healthy and productive life, you must give careful attention to your physical and mental condition. Too much emphasis on your body is mentally unhealthy; on the other hand, too little emphasis is the surest way of inviting disease. If you are sensible and moderate in your forties, there is no reason why you can't look forward to at least another 30 years of pleasant and useful activity.



Law and Order

A SKEPTICAL MOTORCYCLE policeman, who stopped a motorist for going 65 miles an hour on Route 4 in New Jersey, listened to the autoist's story that he had been told the area was a "speed trap" and was trying to get out of it in a hurry. Then the officer gave him a summons.

A RRAIGNED BEFORE a magistrate in Chicago, a veteran pickpocket told the court that the arresting officer *did* find him with his hand in a sleeping man's overcoat pocket, but that he was only trying to keep his hand warm.

A MAN IN TACOMA, Washington, whose wife reported to police that he had been missing from home for four days, returned home with a tale of having spent the four days in an automobile salesroom waiting to take possession of a car that the dealer had promised him.

—T. J. McINERNEY

Prisoners of Santa Claus



by WAYNE FARLEY

Montana's convicts are making Christmas a happier time for thousands of children

WHEN SANTA CLAUS wings southward across Montana this Christmas Eve, he can skim over some children's homes without a twinge of conscience. Substitute Santas will have taken care of youngsters omitted from his list.

For nearly two years, the largest toy shop of its kind in Montana has been operating, without thought of profit, to provide playthings for some 7,500 children for whom Christmas otherwise would be just another day. And to genial Warden John E. Henry of Montana State Prison goes credit for the idea, conceived as one way of keeping his "guests" happily employed.

"We were desperately in need of work for the prisoners," Henry explains. "Idleness breeds discontent. Yet even convicts like to feel the work they do has purpose."

Pondering the problem in the winter of 1946, Henry noticed a youngster trudging along happily, dragging a new sled. "Right then," the warden says, "I realized there must be lots of boys and girls in the state who get little for Christmas. Why not start a state-wide program to remedy that situation?"

Henry consulted the State Department of Public Welfare, found his estimate was correct and drafted an appeal to civic clubs and other organizations. Soon, boxes of broken and discarded toys began arriving from 28 counties.

"I had misgivings at first," Henry recalls. "Sleds with broken runners, twisted tricycles, dolls with broken arms and heads. . . . I didn't see how we'd ever repair them."

But they did. Prisoners assigned to the work were enthusiastic. "They have to use materials available. They can't buy parts; there's no money for that. But they are doing a fine job," Henry boasts.

Last year the prison shop repaired 3,000 dolls, 125 tricycles and several hundred sleds, doll buggies, scooters, pedal cars and planes. When completed, the toys were returned to the contributing organizations for distribution.

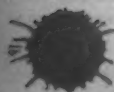
Montana State Prison is about the first to start a program of this kind. "I don't know whether others will follow our example," Warden Henry says, "but we're making it a permanent project. Last year we had a surplus of toys, and prisoners were permitted to send these home to their own children. How could such a program fail?"

New PAINT MAGIC

for the Home

In their wonderland of color, scientists are performing virtual feats of magic

by NORMAN CARLISLE



"GO RIGHT AHEAD, make it tough!" That was the challenge tossed at me by the chief chemist of one of America's largest paint laboratories. He had just invited me to give him the specifications for the best paint I could think of.

"Well, it ought to cover as well as any paint I ever saw," I told him. "Let's say that one coat should put a glossy finish on almost any kind of surface—even on something as porous as a blotter."

"All right, go on," he urged.

So I gave him the rest of the specifications. Odorless, of course. Easy to apply—like brushing on water. Tough—ought to stand up under repeated washings with soap. A smooth, hard finish that wouldn't absorb ink or alcohol or crayon. Quick-drying—something less than an hour. Inexpensive—maybe not an oil paint at all, but one mixed with water.

The chemist grinned triumphantly. "You won't have to wait ten years for that," he said. "We've got it right now."

With that, he handed me a can of paint and urged me to try it. I slapped some onto a blotter—result, a glossy finish. I scribbled on the surface of a panel that had dried a little longer, then stepped on it with my rubber heels. For good measure, the chemist covered up my dirty work with a few blobs of grease. After that, he calmly wiped off the surface—one swipe with soap and water.

He let me paint a large door panel—a job I completed in five minutes. A professional painter, he said, had painted a whole door in ten minutes. Then he revealed the amazing fact that this is a water-mixed paint; resin, oil and pigment turned into an emulsion with water by a process that the company naturally chooses to keep secret.

Anyway, there it was, my perfect paint. Although I saw it in the modern laboratories of Glidden's sprawling plant in Cleveland, it is typical of the wonderland of colorful science I found throughout the paint industry. At Sherwin-Williams, Pittsburgh Paint, du Pont, Murphy,

Devoc & Raynolds, New Jersey Zinc and other plants, there are all kinds of exciting developments—some still in the hush-hush stage, some about ready for public sale, others already on the market.

Thousands of technicians, chemists and engineers in the paint industry are busy dreaming up new kinds of paint that will make your life not only more colorful but healthier and happier as well. In fact they have developed one amazing paint that may save human lives. I had a startling demonstration of it in the laboratory.

"Look at this stairway," the expert suggested. Painted a pale grayish green, it seemed quite ordinary to me. "Now watch this." The chemist switched off the lights. I blinked in amazement. The stairway was glowing with light!

I was witnessing a sample of the new phosphorescent paints that may save lots of people from fatal falls on dark stairways. Phosphorescent light switches, baseboards, furniture, are just a few of the home uses. In theaters and public places, exit and fire-equipment signs are painted with this glow-in-the-dark substance so that they will continue to be visible even in case of power failure.

ODDLY ENOUGH, PAINT is one of man's oldest discoveries. The earth colors used by Stone Age men to draw pictures on cave walls were actually a crude kind of paint. Five thousand years ago the Egyptians added lime, egg yolk and glue to white chalk and charcoal, thus creating the first cold-water paints. In the Middle Ages, artists discovered that colors went on better and stayed on longer when mixed with

oil. Basically, that's about all paint is—a pigment from some mineral or organic substance mixed with oil or water. The heart of the paint is the pigment; the oil and resin seal the pigment to the surface in the final dry film that covers the wall.

Paint has always had the double job of protecting surfaces and giving them eye appeal. Lately the paint chemists have been venturing into the realm of the microscopic to emerge with startling discoveries. You can see one result in the new auto finishes. Look at a deep reddish-brown finish on a new car. Now walk away and look at it from a different angle. The car has changed color. Now it is gray, with a reddish touch. Or look at a deep black finish in dim light; now look at it in the sun. It has changed to gun-metal.

This piece of chemical magic is one of the outstanding recent accomplishments of the paint makers. What you see in the new car lacquers is really something new under the sun—the finish seems to have depth. The reason is the incredible number of tiny light-reflecting particles that the chemists have managed to get into this new metallic lacquer. There are so many of them that about half a million laid side by side would measure only an inch.

Modern paint making involves a lot more than just grinding up pigment and mixing it with oil. Today, a single large factory stocks more than 600 different materials. No old-time sea captain who sailed his ship to fabulous ports of call could ever have brought home more treasured substances than the paint industry brings together for the making of its fascinating products.

From the buried trees of ancient

forests come natural varnish resins. The grain fields of the world produce flaxseed from which linseed oil is pressed. Deep-sea fish provide fish oil; the poppy seed, the castor bean, the hempseed, the oiticica nut and the soybean are used for other oils. An astonishing variety of minerals find their way into paint—manganese from the Caucasus; cobalt from Canada; lead, aluminum and zinc from our own country; ilmenite from India, Norway and the U. S.; chalk from the white cliffs of Dover.

Even the animal kingdom furnishes such varied products as beeswax from bees, shellac resin from tiny lac bugs of India, bone black from sheep bones. The cotton and sugar-cane fields of Cuba and the South, the coal mines and oil wells, the cornfields of the West, the forests—even the air itself—all contribute something to the complicated chemical mixture that we call paint.

"I'M DREAMING OF a white pigment" was the theme song of paint engineers for a long time. They were already making white paint but they wanted a whiter white. Curiously enough, they found it in some of the blackest stuff on earth. By chemical magic they have made a long jump from what is probably the blackest black to the whitest white. As a result, your house is going to gleam with a new resplendence that is literally dazzling—and will stay that way.

The stuff the chemists are using is titanium dioxide—a compound of titanium—ninth most-common element in the earth's crust. Experts long knew that titanium was just the right thing for making white

pigment, but nature had tied up the whole business in a chemical knot that seemed impossible to unravel. Titanium is found in ilmenite, which is mixed up with other minerals, and it was hard to extract the titanium from the combination.

True, there are rich deposits of it in high-grade form, but they are located almost entirely on a certain beach in southern India. For centuries, Indian rivers have borne to the sea a burden of ilmenite from erosion in the hills. Eventually they formed a coal-black beach ten miles long. From it the natives gathered the valuable black stuff in baskets to be carried to a mill. But it was hardly a process likely to produce enough titanium to make millions of gallons of white paint.

Now the paint makers have developed a method of extracting titanium from ores found in America. The result is a sensational pigment that has four times the hiding and tinting strength of the old standard materials. The tiny crystals actually have a greater ability to bend light than diamonds! Applied to your house, titanium paint is not only brighter to begin with, but stays that way longer because the chemists have figured a way to give you a self-washing house by causing the dirt to wash off with the rain.

You wonder that any new paint ever reaches the market when you watch the brutal tests that the chemists give their product. For instance, there is the humidity test. For 1,000 hours, the paint sample has to resist 100-per-cent humidity without blistering or softening.

Or look at the sunlight test. For days the panel is kept under an array of brilliant lamps that provide

enough ultraviolet rays in 24 hours to equal a 30-day exposure to noon-day summer sun. Then there's the flexibility test, in which a panel is flexed back and forth thousands of times. If the paint cracks, it doesn't pass the test.

For weather tests, the chemists put their panels outside and wait literally for years to find out what happens. A single paint company at any one time will have panels painted with the same paint braving the glaring sunlight of Florida and the winter cold of Minnesota, with other samples being subjected to other weather between these extremes. With house paint, the chemist isn't satisfied until a panel has been out at least two years. Then he brings it back to the laboratory to find out what happens when it is rubbed and scrubbed and scratched.

AS TO THE EFFECT of colors on your disposition, experts say that if you are the moody type, red should produce a more cheerful viewpoint. If you are lazy, it should step up your energy. If you are nervous and overactive, blue should have a calming effect. Green is almost neutral in its effect, inclined to be soothing because it is nature's favorite color.

Nowadays, the paint companies are putting their knowledge of color to countless new uses. For instance, they are eliminating the traditional gleaming white of hospital operating rooms and substituting a cool gray-green. It reduces glare and proves restful to the doctors' eyes. In maternity wards, they have found that the usual buff and white colors create a feeling of depression. Now they suggest redoing the wards in a warm rose color.

In factories, color has been used to achieve miracles of production. In one plant, output increased 25 per cent after a change in the color scheme. In another plant, production fell off at 10:30 in the morning and at 3:30 in the afternoon. Paint experts recommended a new color plan, and the manufacturer picked up an extra hour of peak production.

Paint is also helping to save lives in factories. By working out ingenious color systems, such as red for fire-prevention equipment and orange for dangerous machine parts, experts have cut the number of accidents by as much as 40 per cent.

Paint experts have even figured out a simple device that helps you to be your own interior decorator. "It's easy to pick the right color scheme for a room," one researcher told me. "Nature has provided you with a perfect built-in system that will always tell you how to keep colors in balance."

To start his demonstration, the chemist showed me a weird American flag. It had blue-green and black stripes and black stars on a yellow background.

"Stare at this flag for 60 seconds," he told me. "Then look quickly at the white wall below it."

Puzzled by the proceeding, I complied. To my astonishment a proper red, white and blue flag appeared clearly on the white wall!

"What's the trick?" I asked.

"It's no trick at all," the expert replied. "That's your built-in color selector. What you've just seen is a little phenomenon called 'after-image.'"

The explanation is this: your eye prefers to see the whole color spectrum, and when it looks at just one

color (or one small part of the spectrum) for too long, it becomes fatigued. So when you look away, it compensates itself by perversely seeing the complementary color of the color it has been forced to look at for so long. If it has been staring at bright orange, your eye will see blue afterwards; if you have been looking at purple, the eye will see yellow when you look away.

Color engineers offer a simple way in which you can put this phenomenon to work. Take a large sheet of black paper and cut two windows about four inches square in it, one below the other. Paste a sheet of white paper under the bottom window. Now look around your living room. What is the predominating color? If green, lay your black sheet against a green object—your rug or davenport—so that the color shows through the top window. Stare at the green square for 60 seconds. Then look quickly down at the white square. It won't be white any more; instead, it now appears to be red.

This means that that particular shade of red is the best color for you

to use with that shade of green. To make your living room more pleasing and restful, you should complete it with touches of the red—use red curtains, perhaps, or a red chair, and provide the room with other bright points of the same color.

Already the paint industry has produced fire-resistant paints, mildew-proof paints, water-resistant paints. They have paints that are odorless or, if you like, with any scent you prefer. Eventually, you may have your den smelling like a pine forest or your bedroom like lilies of the valley.

Ask a paint chemist to do some real crystal gazing and he will tell you about a remarkable way of applying paint that requires no brush, sprayer or squeegee. It involves a modern chemical adaptation of an ancient process—fuming. You merely open a can of paint and the fumes escape, carrying the colors onto a chemically treated surface! Amazing as it sounds, this process is just one more promise that the paint industry holds out to the home builders of a not-too-distant tomorrow.

Her Greatest Moment

WHEN AN INTERVIEWER put a routine question to Marian Anderson, the answer was not routine, but as distinctive as her art and the personality which glows through it. "What was the greatest moment in your life?" was the question.

Not when Toscanini or Jean Sibelius acclaimed her, not when she sang in the White House, not when she received the Bok Award, the




Spingarn Medal, or other honors. Obviously Marian Anderson did not consider any of these big moments as possibly her greatest moment.

Almost as soon as the question had been asked by her interviewer, Miss Anderson replied:

"My greatest moment was the day I went home and told my mother she wouldn't need to take work home any more."

—*Christian Science Monitor*



SOMETHING IN COMMON

All these persons, places and things have lots in common. But often they are more congenial than you see at first glance.

Besides the category into which some normally fall, what have the following in common? (*Answers on page 120*)

1. Annette, Cécile, Emilie, Marie, Yvonne, besides being girls' names?
2. Baldwin, Jonathan, Northern Spy, Rome Beauty, Wine Sap?
3. Istanbul, Byzantium, Constantinople, besides being names of cities?
4. Q, W, E, R, T, Y, U, I, O, P, besides being letters?
5. Pyramids of Egypt, hanging gardens of Babylon, statue of Zeus at Olympia, temple of Artemis at Ephesus, mausoleum at Halicarnassus, Colossus at Rhodes, Pharos of Alexandria?
6. Ivan, Johannes, Ian, Jean, Juan, besides being the names of boys?
7. Loretta Young, Joan Crawford, Ingrid Bergman, Greer Garson, Jennifer Jones, Joan Fontaine, Bette Davis, Ginger Rogers, besides being movie stars?
8. Navy, baby, peacock, powder, Prussian, ultramarine?
9. Diamond, Aquamarine, Amethyst, Garnet, Emerald, Ruby, Sardonyx, Sapphire, Opal, besides being gems?
10. Illinois, Miami, Ottawa, Wichita, Eric, Iowa, Omaha, Mohave, besides being North American places?
11. Georgia Peach, Sultan of Swat, Yankee Clipper, The Lip?
12. Turkish, Latakia, Virginia, Burley?
13. Femur, patella, fibula, tibia?
14. Solomon Grundy, Jack Horner, Doctor Fell?
15. Corot, Watteau, Botticelli, Renoir, Murillo, Sargent?
16. Sergei Koussevitzky, Bruno Walter, Alfred Wallenstein, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Artur Rodzinski, Eugene Ormandy, Pierre Monteux, Sir Thomas Beecham?
17. Clermont, Golden Hind, Half Moon, Merrimac, Bounty?
18. Tiberius, Caligula, Vespasian, Trajan, Caracalla?
19. Emma Calvé, Alma Gluck, Adelina Patti, Lillian Nordica?
20. Turk's-head, sheepshank, cat's-paw, timber hitch, clove hitch?

Science has penetrated deep into the subconscious mind of man, but it still has much to learn about the intricate causes of a strange human malady—sleepwalking



Sleep's Darkest Mystery

by JOHN E. GIBSON

AT MIDNIGHT ON A LONELY road outside Dallas, Texas, two schoolteachers driving home from a party saw what looked like a ghost, gliding along the highway. The figure, shrouded in white, suddenly turned and, with outstretched arms, vanished across a field.

The frightened teachers sped to the nearest phone and called the sheriff's office. Officers in a patrol car finally spotted the apparition on an adjacent road. As they cautiously closed in, their flashlights revealed a comely damsel in a flimsy nightgown—fast asleep. Her smooth, effortless stride seemed to keep perfect time to the sound of her breathing. Later, they learned that the lady's nocturnal stroll had taken her two miles from home.

Occurrences like this are not as rare as you might think. It has been estimated that as many as 2,000,000 Americans walk in their sleep. In addition, the somnambulists read books, write letters, engage in workaday activities, embark on a train or bus or even drive an automobile.

They have also robbed houses, committed murder and taken their own lives while sleepwalking.

Though science has discovered much about sleep's darkest mystery, certain phases of somnambulism still baffle experts. One fact is certain: the sleepwalker's body is controlled by his subconscious mind. This deep reservoir of our hopes, fears, problems and frustrations takes direct control not only of the sleepwalker's limbs and muscles but borrows some of the faculties of the conscious mind itself. It uses them, often fantastically, in the physical expression of subconscious desires.

Take the somnambulist who has a persistent urge toward kleptomania. During waking hours he may fight the urge to steal; but at night he's likely to arise in his sleep and lift his roommate's wallet.

Army psychiatrists, who made an intensive study of somnambulists at Camp Lee, reported many strange cases. One soldier, for instance, suffered from an acute sense of insecurity. An orphan in his youth,

he had never enjoyed parental love and affection. He had been reared by an uncle, who had given him real sympathy and understanding, but after reaching maturity he had lost trace of him.

Drafted into the Army, the soldier's feeling of insecurity became intensified: he began to rise in his sleep and spend the night in sleepwalking jaunts across country, looking for his uncle. To Army psychiatrists the answer was simple. Subconsciously the uncle symbolized security. And the soldier's subconscious mind simply used his body to implement the search.

A common form of sleepwalking is motivated by a subconscious urge to escape from reality or from a disagreeable situation. In his desire, for example, to get out of a house, the sleepwalker may use a door, window or even a fire escape.

BECAUSE THE SUBCONSCIOUS usually employs only a fraction of the intelligence possessed by the conscious mind, it often causes the sleepwalker to commit highly irrational acts. A typical case concerns a noted novelist, who awoke one night to find himself perched perilously on a window ledge outside his hotel room. Alarmed, he secured himself in bed the next night by means of a small chain locked around his ankle. The key he hid under a carpet.

But he awoke again to find himself on the ledge. Even in his sleep he was able to find the key. On succeeding nights he tried hiding the key in different places, but the result was always the same.

Not infrequently the somnambulist's subconscious will complete-

ly dominate the conscious mind, employing all its faculties and senses. When this occurs, the sleepwalker's actions are just as rational as during waking hours. In fact, the somnambulist's sensory powers often become abnormally acute, making it possible for him to accomplish feats which normally would be impossible for him.

The *British Medical Journal* reports a typical case—a woman who would arise from bed and, in almost total darkness, write letters and perform the most intricate type of crochet work. When medical investigators awakened the woman and asked her to repeat these feats, she found it impossible to do so.

In the more common forms of sleepwalking, somnambulism usually occurs about two hours after retiring — when sleep reaches its greatest depth. How long the state lasts depends upon the individual and his personality. It may last a few minutes, a few hours, or several months. The somnambulist may journey to a distant town, get a job, establish residence, and even marry. Hence, some authorities believe that most of the amnesia cases we hear about may actually involve somnambulism.

The French psychologist, Dr. Pierre Janet, cites numerous case histories which typify the behavior of persons whose sleepwalking extends over long periods. Mr. X left his home in Nancy on February 3 to keep a luncheon engagement at a friend's house. En route he noticed a slight headache. Next thing he remembered was waking up in a meadow, famished and exhausted, and covered with snow. With difficulty he managed to walk to the

nearest town, found that he was in Belgium and that the date was February 12. Of the preceding nine days he remembered nothing.

Investigation revealed that he had spent this time in a headlong flight from his home town. Finally, without funds for food or lodging, he collapsed outside Brussels. When the somnambulistic state was broken, he remembered only that he was due at his friend's for lunch.

Inquiry revealed X's life involved problems from which he wanted to escape, but this urge was repressed. Finally, when it became too strong to be contained, his subconscious mind took over—and through the medium of sleepwalking translated

the old desire into physical action.

Though sleepwalking in any form is a definite abnormality, authorities reassuringly point out that it neither leads to insanity nor bears any relation to it. To cure it, the physician must first discover the underlying cause, then take steps to remove it. This, of course, involves psychotherapy.

Some forms of somnambulism yield more easily to treatment, others prove extremely difficult, for the processes which activate a sleep-walker's personality are intricate and involved. Science doesn't begin to understand them all, and perhaps never shall—until it discovers the mystery of sleep itself.

Answers to Coronet Quick Quizzes

Inside the White House

(Quiz on page 105)

A.—1. John Adams; 2. 1600 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C.; 3. 35; 4. \$75,000; 5. Speaker of the House; 6. (a) Jackson; (b) Theodore Roosevelt; 7. W. H. Harrison; 8. 31; 9. (a) Virginia; (b) Ohio; 10. (a) Taft; (b) McKinley. B.—1. Madison; 2. Jackson; 3. Tory; 4. January 20. C.—1-E; 2-D; 3-A; 4-G; 5-F; 6-C; 7-B.

Something in Common

(Quiz on page 117)

1. The Dionne quintuplets; 2. Apples; 3. Names for the *same* city; 4. The top row of letters on a standard typewriter keyboard; 5. The Seven Wonders of the World; 6. Variations of the name John; 7. Academy Award winners; 8. Different shades of blue; 9. Birthstones; 10. Indian tribes; 11. Nicknames of famous baseball players: Ty Cobb, Babe Ruth, Joe DiMaggio, Leo Durocher; 12. Different kinds of tobacco; 13. Bones of the human leg; 14. Nursery-rhyme characters; 15. Famous painters; 16. Famous orchestra conductors; 17. Famous ships; 18. Roman emperors; 19. Famous women singers; 20. Names of knots.

Silver linings

Amid the turmoil of a modern world, these true stories provide proof that faith, hope and charity are still an endless source of human inspiration

IT WAS A BIG NIGHT for the 60 girls at Jackson County's Hilltop School for Girls. Every year a civic club took the youngsters to the Ice Capades. This was their annual treat. They piled into their big old-type school bus, doubling up, even tripling up on the seats. They had allowed one hour for traveling the 12 miles into Kansas City.

Just inside the city limits, both tires on the rear dual wheel blew out. There was no jack and only one spare tire. It seemed there would be no Ice Capades. And how would the girls get home?

For 30 minutes the girls sat quietly in the bus. Then just up the street someone noticed a precinct police station. One of the matrons went into the station and told the sympathetic cops of their dilemma. The cops looked out at the bus, then one of them saw a Kansas City Public Service bus go by.

"I've got an idea," he said. "It

may not work but we'll try it."

He picked up the phone.

Twenty minutes later a 45-passenger city transit bus pulled up to the curb. It was marked "Special."

"I've been told to take you to the Ice Capades and back home," the driver said.

The 60 girls, ranging in age from eight to seventeen, loaded into the brand-new transit bus. Then someone looked at a wrist watch. The time: 8:20. The performance began in ten minutes and they still had six miles to go. Six miles through heavy traffic.

Suddenly a police car pulled out of the precinct station, its siren screaming. The bus pulled in behind it, and across the city sped the police, the Public Service bus, and 60 excited young ladies.

At exactly 8:30 the bus pulled up in front of the ice rink and began unloading. And as a pert, freckle-faced ten-year-old went by the driver, her eyes sparkled as she said: "Gosh, did you know we went right through nine red lights? I counted 'em!"

—JOAN HOLSCHER



THE LOS ANGELES-BOUND train stopped at a small Oregon town and we watched the cheerful, elderly Pullman porter help a young woman with a tiny infant into our car. When she was settled in her seat, she thanked him, and remarked shyly, "You know, I've never been on a train before."

A little later, when the dinner call came, the porter offered to watch her sleeping baby while she went to the dining car. On her return, the girl said gratefully, "I had

the most wonderful steak. And thank you for watching my baby." The porter grinned amiably, even though no tip was offered.

Soon we saw a waiter from the dining car in earnest conversation with the porter. Then the porter approached the young mother and began hesitatingly, "The waiter tells me you forgot to pay for the \$3.00 steak you had. I told him I'd ask you about it."

Her face flushed with embarrassment. She opened her purse, counted her money—two one-dollar bills and some change. She had just \$3.00 with a quarter left over. The porter paid the waiter and then came back to the girl.

"Is that all you have left?" he asked gently.

The young mother nodded. Then her whole story poured out. Her husband, a young veteran, was going to school in Los Angeles. He had never seen the baby. But he had written that he'd found a small room where they could all be together. He had sent her the money for the trip. It had come out just right for her ticket and berth. But she had thought that meals were included with the fare.

The porter explained that her husband had intended for her to buy a tourist-class ticket instead of first-class. Then there would have been plenty of money for meals. "But you just stop worrying, Ma'am," he concluded. "We'll get you to Los Angeles, all right." And away he went.

Presently he started through the car, whispering something to each passenger. When he reached my seat he said softly, "I'm doing a little charity work. The young lady

over there doesn't know about traveling. And she only has 25 cents to get her to Los Angeles. Thought you might be interested."

A few moments later, he went back to the girl, handed her a roll of bills and hurried away.

The young mother's eyes filled with tears. But every other person in the car was smiling. And I think the kindly old porter had the broadest smile of all! —JESSIE E. DOOG



ONE EVENING NOT LONG ago in Richmond, Virginia, two young men were cruising around town in their convertible with the top down when they decided to go to a movie. They parked the car, top still down. When they came out of the theater it was pouring.

After running a block to the car, they were delighted with the sight that greeted them. The top was up, securely fastened, and the windows were up too. Attached to the steering wheel was this note:

"I was driving by and saw your top down and it was raining so I put it up by putting a quarter behind the ignition and starting the motor. I wanted you to know that the top wasn't forced up. I used the button under the dashboard. A fellow Convertible Owner."

—MRS. JOHN W. HORNE

Coronet invites its readers to contribute true stories or anecdotes to "Silver Linings." For each item accepted, we will pay \$50, upon publication. All contributions must be typewritten, and none can be acknowledged or returned. Please address: "Silver Linings," Coronet Magazine, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, New York.

The Miracle of *Flight*





Horizons

TO CHILDREN, flight is an everyday miracle. Only in storybooks can they read of how, down the ages, men yearned to sever the invisible ties of earth and explore the mysterious trackways of the sky.

To them, planes are as familiar as the family car, yet because planes fly upward through a world of clouds to touch the corners of the earth, enchantment clings, and flight is still a magic word.



Seven-league Boots

BORNE UP on slender wings, every passenger becomes an adventurer in the floating kingdoms of the sky. Edged in brilliant sunshine, clouds present an ever-changing panorama of fantastic shapes. Far below, for-

ests and plains parade in miniature review, waving tiny lakes like blue banners. Hills look like rounded beads strung on a river's silver thread, and towns lose their identity in this world where everything is small.



Fledglings

THOUGH CRAFT IN FLIGHT are a commonplace, the fundamental mystery of weight suspended by invisible threads is new to each generation. Each boy must discover for himself the secret hidden in the curve

of a wing. The fascination of the problem far outweighs the difficulty in the minds of youngsters who today study problems in aeronautical theory which baffled their elders only a few years ago.



Air-borne

MODEL PLANES are more than toys built by eager young minds and dexterous hands. Every giant airliner reached its perfection of design only after thousands of models had been tested and discarded—for a

plane in flight must have a superb unity of balance, and swift, clean lines. And every boy who builds a plane sees in its brief flight a future day when he, too, may design a swift clipper of the clouds.



Sky Fever

FLIGHT HAS ITS HOLIDAYS—days when men pit themselves against the dangers of the sky for sheer love of adventure. At the great air shows, crowds gather to watch, exultant, as far above the planes roar, plunge

toward earth, then soar back to heaven. The earthbound feel the chains about their ankles slipping away as their spirits climb with the man and the machine that have become an indivisible instrument of flight.



Shepherdess

GROUND CREWS, the foot soldiers of flight, seldom know the ecstasy of freedom in the air. To them, anxiety is an old companion: though radio beams give highways through predicted storms, fogs come unan-

nounced to shroud the landing fields. Then ground crews are the pilots' eyes. They crouch beside their radios, and with tenseness mounting in their throats, they talk the airmen down the tightrope to safety.



Frontiersmen

ANCIENT RACES placed the heavens beyond the reach of mortal men, and peopled the skies with gods. But down the centuries the dream of human flight persisted, until at last man solved the secrets of the air.

Yet, globe-encircling trips are not enough. Men of flight have already probed beyond the mystic barriers of sound, and ahead may lie the discovery that will carry rockets across the voids of planetary space.



The Amazing COMEBACK of Lew Ayres

Once branded a coward, his heroism under fire vindicated him before the public

by IRVING WALLACE

MILLIONS OF AMERICANS, opening their morning newspapers in March, 1942, were amazed to read that one of their idols, 34-year-old movie star Lew Ayres, had clay feet. With Rommel's Nazis moving across North Africa and the Japs investing Batavia and Rangoon, the handsome actor had publicly announced that he would not bear arms for his country.

Movie fans were stunned because, to their worshipful eyes, Lew Ayres should be as patriotic as any other young American. The elderly and middle-aged remembered Ayres' meteoric rise after *All Quiet*

on the *Western Front* in 1930. The younger generation knew him as the attractive Dr. Kildare. Yet overnight, this man had inexplicably become a conscientious objector and, to many, a coward.

Inside Hollywood, Ayres' co-workers in the studios were astounded too. Almost unanimously, they condemned him. *Variety*, the Bible of the movie business, exploded with a front-page editorial blasting Lew Ayres for disgracing an industry that had been so kind to him. In the week that followed, many movie theaters banned all films starring Ayres.

"The Kildare series is dead," wrote a St. Louis newspaper, "and

so is the career of Kildare Ayres." Celluloid columnists pulled no punches. "Ayres' recent discovery of his conscientious scruples . . . has a distinct odor," said one Hollywood commentator. And a news magazine capped it with: "There were not so many calls for Dr. Kildare last week."

At a conscientious-objector camp at Cascade Locks, Oregon, Lew Ayres took it all lying down. Not once did he reply to his critics. During World War II he remained firm, never once carrying a gun. Meanwhile, all his critics agreed that this was the finish to one of the strangest careers in Hollywood.

Yet today, six years later, Ayres is once again a prosperous cinema star, admired and respected by all. In some quarters, especially among ex-GIs, he is even more than a movie star—he is an authentic hero.

What was the magic that transformed Mr. Hyde back to Dr. Jekyll? The answer may be found in what Hedda Hopper has called "one of the most dramatic stories of the war"—a story of a remarkable comeback that began in Minneapolis when Lew was in high school, and his mother divorced his cello-playing father. She took the boy West and he attended the University of Arizona, where he concentrated more on music than he did on studies.

In time, he became an orchestra player in Hollywood, strumming his banjo while the band recorded early Vitaphone talkie shorts. Before long, however, he succumbed to the lure of the movies, quit the band and put all his savings into clothes and meeting people. But as time dragged on, and his money

evaporated, Ayres took to pawning his musical instruments so he could continue eating.

One gloomy afternoon in 1929, Lew attended a tea dance at the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel. There, because he was dancing with a prominent star, Ayres was mistaken for an actor by Ivan Kahn, a talent scout. When Kahn learned that Ayres' acting experience was limited to playing the banjo, he was not discouraged.

"I asked him if he'd like to be in pictures," recalls Kahn, "and he almost fell on me. After that I handled him for eight years, and in all that time, he was the only actor with whom I never had a written contract—not even a scrap of paper."

A screen test landed Ayres a \$75-a-week job. Then Greta Garbo saw some of the tests, and demanded that he be hired to play opposite her in *The Kiss*. After that, Ayres could not imagine rising higher. But the event that made him world-famous was still to come.

It was in 1930, a time when the public was reading the best-selling novel, *All Quiet on the Western Front*, by Erich Maria Remarque. The book was purchased for pictures by the Laemmles, and in Paris, Junior Laemmle met Kahn and mentioned it to him. Kahn immediately envisaged Ayres in the important role of Paul, the war-hating butterfly collector.

"Okay," said Laemmle. "Cable him to read lines for Lewis Milestone and George Cukor. If they like him, he's in."

They liked him, and Lew went into the pacifist movie that showed the German side of World War I

through the miseries of seven young soldiers.

After *All Quiet*, Ayres played opposite Jean Harlow and Constance Bennett. He starred in pictures in which people like James Cagney, Alice Faye, Edward Arnold and Edward G. Robinson were making their first screen appearances. He made 30 movies in four years at Universal; he was paid \$1,500 a week at Paramount.

His marriages added to his notoriety. His first wife was actress Lola Lane, but the union didn't last long. Then, in November, 1934, Lew married Ginger Rogers. In less than two years, they broke up. When a Hollywood reporter asked why, Ayres tried to explain: "She works so hard that when she comes home she has no time for anything but rest."

The real answer was simpler. By 1936, Ginger was climbing and Ayres skidding. He had slipped into B pictures, and was headed for obscurity when a role in *Holiday* brought him to M-G-M's attention. They needed a clean-cut actor for the lead in *Young Dr. Kildare*. Ayres won the role, signed a long-term contract, and *Calling Dr. Kildare* became a part of the mother tongue.

MEANWHILE, THOUGH THE public thought of him as a glamorous star, Ayres was living a strange private life. Outside the United States, most of the world was at war, and this served to heighten his inner confusion. Once, recalling those days while talking with the late Mark Hellinger, Ayres tried to explain how he felt:

"I considered myself a Hollywood success, but there was some-

thing wrong with that success. I had everything, and yet I had nothing. I had my books, my home, my companions, my music. But somehow, I was lonely.

"I had always had an intense curiosity about religion, and as I grew more and more restless, I turned to the Bible. I read every religious book I could find. I tried to grope my way to a better understanding, but I was still a long way from the goal."

Ayres finally came under the influence of such writers as Tolstoy, who preached nonresistance, and Romain Rolland, the French pacifist in World War I. Out of such readings he evolved a religion of his own, designed to give him peace of mind in a world of turmoil.

"Months before America got into the war," he says today, "I thrashed it out with myself. Everyone knew war was coming. To me war was the greatest sin. I couldn't bring myself to kill other men. Whatever the cost, I decided to remain true to myself."

Next came the draft, and Jimmy Stewart was the first big movie name to be called. Ayres was also one of those with an early number, but he refused to be drafted. In answer to the question—"Are you a conscientious objector?"—Lew filed a lengthy document, explaining that he was following religious beliefs of his own. One part of the document said:

"Don't think I am trying to save my neck. It is just that I would like to be of service to my country in a constructive and not a destructive way. Why, I'll even carry bedpans in Libya."

While awaiting a decision, Ayres

enrolled in Red Cross training, graduated as an instructor and began teaching first aid to 250 pupils at M-G-M. Then came the draft board's report: they had classified him 1-A. As he had a right to, Ayres appealed directly to Washington. And Washington ruled for Lew, transferring him from 1-A to 1-AO, officially making him a conscientious objector.

Ayres begged the draft board to let him join the Red Cross, arguing that he was willing to see front-line action with a medical unit. The draft board said no. Thus Ayres became America's No. 1 conscientious objector.

The day Ayres was to leave for the civilian public-service camp in Oregon, with dungarees, heavy shoes and slicker, the news broke across the land. Promptly his phone began to ring. Every newspaperman and columnist wanted a statement. Ayres ignored the phone, packed in a daze. And when photographers and reporters crowded about the house, he ducked out the back way and hid in a friend's home.

One of the few persons in Hollywood to defend Ayres openly was Hedda Hopper. In her column she wrote: "When Lew Ayres left to join the conscientious objectors, he was the man who had the courage to stand up for his convictions in the face of public criticism and at the sacrifice of his career. It wasn't wise but it took courage—far greater courage than those who've wheedled and pulled strings to secure an officer's uniform that neither their courage nor their ability measures up to.

"Lew could have landed a cushy job. It's unfortunate that he had

to go against the prevailing sentiments, but to crucify a man for standing up to his own convictions even if it means national ridicule and professional suicide, is not in keeping with the kind of life we're fighting to preserve."

Over the radio Hedda Hopper said, "I'm not defending Lew Ayres' convictions, but I am defending his right to his own conscience. It's no part of a brave and free people to brand as a coward a man who dares disagree with them."

IN THE RUGGED OREGON mountains, Lew became just one of 2,500 conscientious objectors in 25 camps scattered throughout the country. For two months, he chopped trees and dug firebreaks, protesting all the while that he was willing to go into active service if he didn't have to carry a gun. In May, 1942, after his friends talked with Gen. Lewis B. Hershey, national director of selective service, Ayres was finally inducted as a noncombatant at Fort Lewis, Washington.

As a private, Lew was sent to the Army Medical Corps at Camp Barkeley, Texas, where the commanding officer remarked: "I wish I had a battalion just like him." Later, when a sergeant, Ayres was told he had been selected for OCS. But he refused.

"They said I would be forced to carry side arms at OCS," he recalls, "and I couldn't do that."

Instead, Ayres told his commanding officer that he wanted to be transferred to front-line duty. The request was granted, and after a period of desert training, Ayres was shipped to the Pacific. There he served 22 months and participated

in three beach-head invasions—Hollandia, Leyte and Luzon.

During that period, in which he won three combat stars though he never carried a weapon, Ayres' face grew yellow from atabrine and his hair turned gray. But his views changed only slightly. He did not hate the Japs.

"They will be punished," he said, "but it will be God's punishment, not ours. I still can't believe war solves problems."

As to the GIs and religion: "I don't believe that there are no atheists in foxholes. There is plenty of work to be done."

As to war itself, on his return to Hollywood Ayres said: "It was more horrible than I had ever imagined it. Maybe you don't know what a bombed city looks like, or what it feels like to hold a child in your arms while it bleeds to death, or to stand by while kids watch their parents being dumped into mass graves. It got me, and when I felt myself cracking, I went somewhere and had a talk with myself. I knew that if I didn't get hold of my nerves and emotions, I wouldn't be any good to anyone."

As a medic, Ayres proved himself a hero several times over. Once, on New Guinea, a Japanese bomb hit an ammunition dump at Pie Beach. Most of the GIs on Pancake Hill dove for slit trenches, but the wounded in a field hospital were unable to move. While the munitions were exploding around him, Ayres calmly strolled from tent to tent, kidding the men, soothing them, his own life endangered every moment.

Later, feeling that he could add to his efforts by becoming a chap-

lain's assistant, Ayres volunteered for the position, even though it meant being broken from staff sergeant to private first-class. Thereafter he helped in preparing the chapel for services, handling recreational activities, writing letters for and chatting with the injured and, on several occasions, delivering sermons.

An impartial picture of Ayres in the service was given by Gen. Carlos P. Romulo, MacArthur's famed Filipino aide, in his book *I See the Philippines Rise*. Among 1,800 men on a ship making the trip from Hollandia to Leyte for the invasion of the Philippines, Romulo recognized one of them, who was busy playing records for the soldiers, as Lew Ayres.

"His own story was even more dramatic than any he had portrayed on the screen," said Romulo, "for he was the thoroughly conscientious objector who would not kill. There was a spiritually remote look in the eyes of this handsome young actor who had known so much of worldly success and who had risked everything rather than violate his faith in the divinity of man. He had made that protest bravely, and it had won the respect of all. No man on shipboard was more popular than Ayres."

On the morning of October 20, 1944, as the first wave of infantry was preparing to hit Leyte Beach, a call was issued for volunteers to set up an emergency clinic on the beach for wounded Filipino civilians. Lew Ayres and 13 others stepped forward and, unarmed, went in under fire.

When Ayres returned home in 1945, he was vindicated before the

public. His ideas had not changed, only mellowed. He said: "The war has altered my attitude toward life. The world faces a great crisis. I want to help the people of the world to get better acquainted, to live in peace, to be friendly toward one another. Hatred is the real cause of war. If we want to stop wars, we must destroy hatred first."

Back in movieland, the studios competed to sign Ayres. After playing in *The Dark Mirror* opposite Olivia de Havilland, Ayres signed a contract with Warner Brothers. When Harry Warner saw him in *The Unfaithful*, he inquired: "Who is that young man? I like him."

Today, Ayres looks older, surer, more solid. He still lives in a nine-room house atop the tallest hill in Hollywood, with 2,000 phonograph records and book-lined walls. He attends art class Tuesday and Fri-

day nights and works at writing a series labeled "Essays in Thinking."

He has made six recordings of Bible stories like David and Goliath, Noah, and Daniel in the Lion's Den, using large casts of actors and a 20-piece orchestra for background music, and at his own expense has sent these records to 150 churches throughout the nation.

Though he still follows a religion of his own making, Ayres remains that rare person—a practicing Christian. Today, when people are again talking of strife and conflict, there is a peculiar significance in Lew Ayres' dramatic story. The brief journey of this one confused man, who would not destroy his fellow men yet found a way to remain true to his country as well as himself, indicates that men may still discover faith in the essential goodness of their neighbors.



—Like Show Business

PETER LIND HAYES still hasn't recovered from the shock he suffered when stick-up men, working with methodical precision, held up the night club where Hayes was appearing.

One of the unreported incidents of the stick-up occurred at Hayes' table. The stick-up group included a member who evidently was a jewelry appraiser.

He examined the lady's diamond ring and said: "No, it's phony."

The lady protested: "Phony, my eye. It's real. It cost \$8,000."

"O. K., lady," the stick-up man told her. "Have it your way, then" — and took the ring!

—LEONARD LYONS

THE GANGSTER ON a radio show growled, "Okay, you rat. I've got you covered and now I'm going to drill you." Then there was complete silence over the air. The gangster, realizing that the sound-effects man had run into trouble, corrected himself with, "On second thought, I'm going to slit your throat!"

Then two shots were heard. The sound man had come through.

—From *Collection of Famous Fluffs in Radio* by KERMIT SCHAFER

The Eighteenth Tree



WHEN HER TWO SONS, James and William, were called to war, Mrs. Cynthia Chronister of Tulsa, Oklahoma, sought solace in keeping busy. One day, while digging among her flower beds, she had an idea: she would plant a tree for each of her sons—a living symbol of the boys she loved.

Later, one of Mrs. Chronister's nephews went into the service. Then a youth who had grown up in the neighborhood was called. Mrs. Chronister planted trees for them, too. And as more and more boys joined the Army, Navy and Marines, the yard finally held 18 trees, each marked with a name.

The war ended. Mrs. Chronister's sons and the other boys began to return. Then a strange thing happened. The trees began to die, one by one. Not even the tenderest care could save them.


Of the 18 trees planted, only one now remains. It is tall and straight, and is the one planted for Sgt. Roscoe Humphrey.

Of all the boys for whom Mrs. Chronister planted trees, only Humphrey, her nephew, did not return. He died on a mission over Germany.

—R. H. BISHOP



ILLUSTRATED BY LEON GREGORI



Kentucky's Mostest Horse

Man o' War's fabulous feats
are today an American legend

by ALLEN RANKIN

SOME TIME AGO the American Museum of Natural History asked to be willed the bones of an old horse. The animal's owner denied the request. "As long as grass grows and water flows," this big red stallion will sleep beneath the Kentucky paddock where he lived and died. He sleeps there now.

A big bronze statue soon will stand above his grave at Faraway Farm. A moat will reflect the statue by day and floodlights will play on it at night. Yet, since the inscription reads "Man o' War," it will be far from the greatest of the Champion's monuments. The greatest of these the old warrior left himself—

in the hearts of the American people. For Man o' War seized the popular imagination as no other horse, or animal, ever has.

In "Big Red's" lifetime, more than 2,000,000 people filed by his secluded stall to catch a glimpse of him, try to touch him or to buy "good luck" hairs from his tail. The near-by city of Lexington made him an honorary citizen, and the not-so-near-by First Cavalry Division in Tokyo made him an honorary colonel. He was, as an old Negro groom put it, "The onliest hoss wiff a buffday."

The birthdays of most other thoroughbreds are counted from Janu-

ary 1. Not Big Red's. His real birthday, March 29, was a publicly celebrated event. Men of importance made speeches while Red munched fancy cakes with hay icing and carrot candles.

When the old horse died last November, 2,500 people came to say a last good-bye and drop their tears on his racing colors of yellow and black. The crowd stood in awed silence while a crane lowered the big horse and his 6-by-10-foot casket to a final resting place. And the pilgrimage of the faithful will not end, now that the golden stallion has turned from flesh to bronze.

Out of all the great race horses of time, why does Man o' War reap most of the honor and glory? A humble old Negro groom in faded dungarees and pork-pie hat spoke the last word on this subject. He was Man o' War's "pussonal attendant," the late Will Harbut. To the 50,000 sight-seers a year who came to Faraway in the last years of his life, he proudly exhibited his idol and proclaimed:

"An' heah, ladies and gen'men, is Manny' Wah hisself. He's got everything all the other hosses have got—only he's got more of it. He's jus' the mostest hoss!"

Right there, Will summed it all up. And throughout the country, experts and hard boots, brokers and schoolboys, agree with him. Not the last to agree was Man o' War himself. The horse seemed to sense that he was something special, above the common herd. Like old Will, he apparently understood that if there was anything the public loved more than a hero, it was a bigger hero. Throughout his life, he tried never to let the public down.

Big Red was—even in cold black-and-white statistics — one of the greatest race-track winners of all time. He began racing at two, was retired before he was four, winner of 20 of his 21 races and the breaker of five world records. He raced with the aura of the "Golden Era of Sports" shining around him. He opened the grand 1920s with a burst of glory, and when he left the track, he left with the delirious screams of fans ringing in his ears.

But like the wonderful Exterminator, whom he never raced against, and the flawless Colin, who won 15 races in 15 starts, he was not to be forgotten when he slipped away from the crowd, even though he lived to be 30, an age equal to 105 in humans. Man o' War won \$249,465 in purses, in a day when purses were small, yet his fame was to shine even brighter as a stallion.

His children already have won some \$3,500,000, more than those of any other sire in history. Five of them grossed more than \$100,000 each, while War Admiral and Clyde Van Dusen won an honor their father never tried for—the Kentucky Derby. Yet, still dissatisfied, Big Red entered a third big race—the race of showmanship, of acting most like the king of them all.

MAN O' WAR WAS BORN an "ugly duckling." His father, the famous Fair Play, saw in him nothing to trumpet about. Even his mother, the plain Mahubah, must have wondered why her baby had such a coarse coat, such widely forked legs and such a thin and hungry look.

If his owner, Maj. August Belmont, saw a spark of greatness in

the new colt with the white star, it was not bright enough to dazzle him. He sold Red as a yearling with a job lot of other horses. And thereby his purchaser, a textile magnate named Samuel D. Riddle, picked up the greatest bargain in horse history—and something more valuable to him personally than any other bargain in his lifetime.

The price is now a legend in itself. Almost any horseman could have scratched up the \$5,000 to buy Man o' War. And to listen to their stories now, the "smart judges of horseflesh" who "almost bought Man o' War" number in the thousands. Had they bought him, they would have been as disappointed at first as the man who really did. Riddle, who with a clipped mustache looked vaguely like Teddy Roosevelt, was a roughriding steeplechaser in his own right. He planned to use the hungry-looking colt for a hunting horse, but was dissuaded by trainer Louis Feustel, who had urged him to buy this Fair Play son.

Young Man o' War began by tossing his first exercise boy into the Saratoga dust and boiling up the track for 15 minutes without benefit of rider. He continued by losing his first "back-yard" race to Golden Broom, a "better" colt owned by Mrs. Riddle's niece. To cap the climax, the clumsy colt caught an almost-fatal cold. But when he recovered he was ready to take on anything. And he did.

On June 6, 1919, at Belmont Park, he walked to the post and a murmur swept the stands. Who was this big, red horse? He was far larger than other horses. No other coat flashed such golden-red fire in the

sunlight. No other eyes flashed such imperious contempt for foes from a head held so regally high. While officials jokingly accused Riddle of ringing a four-year-old into a two-year-old race, the crowd sized up the big stallion and said, "He's for me!" His odds went down to 3 to 5.

When Man o' War broke from the barrier, he left the field of maidens like a golden projectile. Jockey Johnny Loftus was up. His last advice had been to "hurry back." No advice was ever more unnecessary. With a prodigious stride that covered 24 to 28 feet, Man o' War hurried back in 59 seconds, six lengths in front of the nearest hopeful, and with Loftus trying to slow him down!

Man o' War roared on to become one of the few great reformers of the Wicked '20s. On the days he ran he practically broke up betting. So easily did he outdistance the field that only the incurably silly ever bet on another horse. Soon he was being held at 1 to 20 and 1 to 30, and three times he rose to the fantastic odds of 1 to 100. Still, so safe was the bet considered that a plunger once wagered \$100,000 and picked up an easy "grand."

Most winners run only as fast as it takes to lead the field. Not Man o' War. Like Dempsey, another great fighter of his day, he went in slugging and finished slugging. In one race he outdistanced the nearest horse by such embarrassing yardage that Riddle reprimanded Jockey Loftus.

Horsemen love to quote Riddle: "Why did you let him show up my friend's horse so badly?" And Loftus' reply: "I couldn't help it! If I'd pulled his head back any further, he would have stumbled!"

No other horse had such a talent for creating drama. The one time in his career that Big Red was upset, he managed to let it be done by a horse named Upset. Since he easily breezed past Upset in three later races, he seems to have pulled the stunt just to create one of the loudest controversies in turf history.

Some say Loftus was to blame that day at Saratoga. Others say an "inexperienced" starter waved the field away when Red was looking in the wrong direction. Others, perhaps more accurately, argue that Red was simply blocked at the inside rail and waited too long to take the outside way 'round. But no one blames Man o' War, and most are inclined to agree with Will Harbut:

"He race eleven times as a three-year-old, and outa those eleven races he win eleven. Whatcha say? Upset beat him? I didn't see it, mister, so I still say it's a lie."

If there is this one blot on Man o' War's record, there is a marvelous super-race to wipe it off—the Dempsey-Firpo fight of horsedom. The time: July 10, 1920. The place: Aqueduct. The contest: the 1½ mile Dwyer Stakes. The challenger: the only challenger Man o' War ever had—the gallant John P. Grier, a horse that is remembered more for this race he lost than for any he ever won.

The two broke so close together that for a moment the grandstand thought the smaller Grier had been left at the post. And they ran that way, as one horse, or as one double thunderbolt. Hoof to hoof, stride matching stride, head to head they roared around. The crowd stood and screamed as the horses set a new record at each furlong pole.

To the king, accustomed to leaving his subjects far behind, this was a new experience. Eyes bulging, nostrils distended, he plunged forward to shake off his shadow. But the shadow didn't shake.

As they came down the stretch, a scream of incredulity rose from the stands: "It's Grier! Grier's got him!" But the crowd had yelled too soon. Jockey Clarence Kummer did what no rider of Red had ever done or ever had to do again. As the finish line surged up, his whip came down on Man o' War and he leaped like a battleship at "full speed ahead."

With a terrific blast of strides never measured or guessed at, the super-horse let go, to beat his challenger by a length-and-a-half. The gallant John P. Grier had given his best to whip the Champion, yet that best just wasn't good enough for "The Mostest Hoss."

BIG RED ENDED his racing career as he had begun it, in a burst of glory—seven lengths out in front of Sir Barton, triple-crown winner of Canada, and under double wraps with his jockey still trying to hold him in. When the cheering finally died down that October afternoon in 1920, when the straw hats stopped flying over Kenilworth Park and Big Red left the track forever, he had done all that Will Harbut later bragged about:

"He broke all the records and he broke all the hosses. So there wasn't nothin' left for him to do but retire."

Most horses, even the greatest ones, have some weakness. Almost always you must say, "He's fast but he has no stamina," or "He's a stayer but he has no flash." About Man o' War there were no "yes,

butts." He outsprinted the sprinters and outstayed the stayers. He outran them in fair weather and he outlogged them in the mud.

Finally, Red looked like a race horse ought to look. What Babe Ruth was to baseball, he was to the track. For the world's finest judge of horseflesh or the poorest little girl, he drew himself up in the same kingly glory. Only the sight of a camera could make him do more, for he was a natural-born actor. When cameras ground or clicked, he posed regally for his portrait.

Rather than risk breaking Red's legs down by the immense handicap weights he would have had to carry at four, Riddle retired him at three. For the same reason he never let the Champion run in the Kentucky Derby. Riddle's affection made Man o' War "the one without price," the horse that couldn't be bought. From W. T. Waggoner, who once had boasted the dollar could buy anything, Riddle is said to have turned down \$1,000,000 for his prize.

Only once did he consider upsetting the old horse's peaceful retirement at Faraway. It was the week Mrs. Riddle lay dying. "If she had requested to see the old fellow one last time," he told friends, "I would have shipped him to her."

Riddle gave Big Red the chance at fame that money can buy and the peaceful retirement it often cannot. And Red gave him a rare thing in return. Riddle was in his fifties and gray when he bought the Champion. Man o' War kept him young. The thrill of owning the nation's greatest horse has kept Riddle to this day a young man in his eighties.

Though Man o' War's skeleton will not stand in the American

Museum of Natural History, as requested, a painting of him by Vaughn Flannery hangs in the Kraushaar Galleries. The noted sculptor Herbert Haseltine is now completing the bronze, larger-than-life statue of him which will stand above his grave.

But the man who contributed most to Red's fame was not a millionaire, nor was he an artist in the conventional sense. He was a humble if proud old Negro who hitched his wagon to a red stallion instead of a star, and thereby reached a heaven here on earth.

Upon the millions of tourists who came to see his idol, Will Harbut left an impression that cannot be minimized. On the shining stallion's neck he laid his own humble wreath of praise. His love shone in bright simplicity and made the legend of Man o' War not the legend of Man o' War alone but the legend of Man o' War and Harbut.

"An' heah, ladies and gen'men, is Manny' Wah hisself. He weigh thirteehn hunnert and seventy pounds. Come heah, you old Red! . . .

"Manny' Wah he greater than the President. Presidents, they elected every fo' years. But there ain't never goin' to be another Manny' Wah. This hoss, he don't make no excuses because he don't need no excuses. He got everything a hoss oughta have and he got it where a hoss oughta have it . . . Stan' still, Red!"

When the old Negro died just a few weeks before his beloved charge, these poignant words appeared in his obituary: "Among his survivors are his wife, six sons, three daughters and Man o' War."

"I cain't afford to get sick and

die," Will had said when illness seized him. "Old Red'd miss me too much." Big Red did miss his friend and kept looking for him during the few weeks before he followed him. Man o' War may have died as the lovers in the ballads die—of a broken heart. But he fought death as he had fought all other adversaries.

"Man o' War was dead, actually dead, one month before he finally gave up," Patrick O'Neill, manager of Faraway, will tell you. "He stopped breathing and his heart stopped beating, and the veterinarian said, 'He's gone.' But we gave him a stimulant and in less than 10 minutes he was back on his feet and going for his hay."

After Man o' War finally died in his sleep, great horsemen came to watch a part of themselves buried with him. Sam Riddle was not among them. There were handker-

chiefs enough being touched to eyes, and he found an excuse to be elsewhere. The solemn silence of the graveside reached out and touched every race track in the country. At Churchill Downs and elsewhere, flags drooped at half-staff.

This year and next year and perhaps for many years to come, horsemen will be watching. With every foal that is born there will be born a secret hope. And one day, who knows when, there may be another foal with a certain star on his face, a certain crook to his legs, and a certain off-color gleam in his orange-red coat. And when that day comes, if . . . if he has all the rest to go with it . . .

"If he *do* have," says Bob Graves, successor to old Will Harbut at Faraway, his brown face lighting up in a smile. "If he *do* have, it may be the same thing all over again—only worser!"

Coronet 1949 GALLERY OF PHOTOGRAPHS CALENDAR

The editors of Coronet have chosen the best pictures of the hundreds which have appeared in Coronet during the past years. These 12 outstanding pictures—printed by a special duotone color process on the finest Chateau Finish paper—are presented in a Coronet 1949 Gallery of Photographs Calendar. Three calendar months appear on every page.

You'll want a calendar for yourself and for your friends. Please send 50 cents in check or money order for each calendar to Coronet Readers' Service, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois.





All but forgotten is this saga of an Iowa girl who braved death to save a crack train from plunging to destruction in a storm

Kate Shelley at the Bridge

by BARRY O'FLAHERTY

TUCKED AWAY IN A DUSTY showcase in the Iowa State Historical Society Museum at Des Moines is a battered tin lamp. The glass is broken and rust has eaten the metal. Yet this is the famous lantern that 15-year-old Kate Shelley carried the sorry night she fought her way across the railway bridge at Moingona, Iowa, to flag down the mid-night express before it reached the washed-out trestle over Honey Creek.

Although the girl's deed won her world-wide acclaim at the time, few people nowadays remember

Kate Shelley. The bridge across which she struggled to reach the station house at Moingona was torn down several years ago. Even the town itself no longer exists. Only veteran railroad men recall the night of July 6, 1881, when a brave pioneer girl became a national heroine.

Kate's father, a section foreman for the Chicago and North Western, had died in 1878. Her mother was frail and frequently ill, and the burden of caring for the younger children and managing the small house on the banks of Honey Creek fell upon Kate. It was while she was putting her brother and sisters

to bed on the night of July 6 that the first low, black clouds gathered, heralding a violent rain and wind-storm. Kate comforted the children as thunder and lightning cracked, meanwhile keeping an anxious eye on Honey Creek, watching it rise angrily toward the trestles of the bridge.

At 11 o'clock, Kate saw the feeble light of a freight engine groping through the blackness from west of the bridge. The locomotive was manned by Ed Wood, George Olmstead, Adam Agar and Pat Donahue, who had succeeded Kate's father as section foreman.

Kate, watching from her window, heard the engine bell toll twice—then a crash and the hissing of steam. "I had to do something," she related. "I knew the bridge had given way and that the midnight express was due soon."

While her mother protested, Kate threw on an old skirt and jacket and tied a straw hat under her chin. "Mother saw that I could not be dissuaded," Kate recalled, "so she said, 'Go then, in the name of God, and do what you can!'"

In the kitchen, Kate found an old lantern frame and a miner's oil lamp. Ripping a strip from her skirt, she fashioned a crude wick, lit the feeble light and hooked it into the frame. Then she set out into the slashing rain.

Near Honey Creek, she could make out the figures of two men clinging to trees in the creek bed. They called out and she shouted back words of encouragement. But there was nothing she could do to help them—and the midnight express was due in a few minutes.

Running toward the eastern ap-

proach to the bridge, she stumbled, dropped the lantern and heard the miner's lamp fall. It sputtered out in the rain. Still clutching the useless lantern frame, she started across the 671-foot railway span.

The bridge had been built for trains only, with the ties far apart to discourage pedestrian traffic. Only a narrow board along the outer edge had been laid for track walkers. It was on this shaky catwalk that Kate crawled 671 feet on her hands and knees.

The wind howled, buffeting the girl and threatening her balance. The rain blinded her, and rusty nails dug into her hands and legs.

Each foot she moved forward was torture. Once, she lay face down across two ties and let the raging river sweep over her. Then the sting of gashes in her legs and hands goaded her forward again.

SOME MILES AWAY, the midnight express roared toward the river crossing. Passengers slept in luxurious Pullman Palace cars, or smoked and talked before turning in. Up ahead, the engineer piled on more steam to keep his schedule.

Kate had now reached the center of the bridge, still clinging to the useless lantern frame. Lightning showed her the cruel waters swirling below; she felt the timbers weaving beneath her bleeding fingers. Finally, she began running toward the Moingona station—falling sometimes, then stumbling to her feet again.

Just before midnight, Ike Fansler, the night telegraph operator, was confronted by a wild-eyed girl, dripping wet and blood-soaked.

"Engine 12 has gone into Honey

Creek!" she gasped. "The bridge is out. Stop the express!" Then she fainted, and her battered lantern clattered to the floor.

Fansler sent the message that stopped the Chicago and North Western flyer west of Moingona, then rounded up section workers to seek the crew of No. 12. Wood and Agar were rescued; Olmstead and Donahue had drowned.

Next day, Honey Creek Valley swarmed with reporters, railroad officials and neighbors. Kate found herself a heroine, and for three days she modestly retold her story, shyly accepting the praise showered on her by railroad men.

Then she attended the funeral of Donahue with her mother. That evening she was put to bed and there the girl stayed for months, suffering from hysteria. Food had to be forced between her clenched teeth. She awakened screaming in the night.

Kate Shelley never recovered fully from the effects of her harrowing experience. Although she resumed her household tasks and even taught school for a short time, she frequently had to return to bed. And she never spoke about the incident again, unless prodded by friends or newspaper interviewers.

But her reticence failed to damp-

en public gratitude. The Chicago and North Western gave her \$100 and a lifetime pass on the line. Railroad employees presented her with a gold watch and chain. School children of Dubuque raised money to give her a medal; another medal and \$200, accompanied by a resolution praising her deed, was voted by the State Legislature.

In 1903, Kate accepted the job of station agent at Moingona. Upon her death in 1912, newspapers throughout the country told of her last days, and described the special train assigned by the Chicago and North Western to carry the casket and funeral party to a cemetery in Boone. The train toured the Midwest, picking up hundreds of Kate's friends and admirers and taking them to the services.

Today, the bridge is gone and the station house at Moingona is a chicken coop. But the Kate Shelley Legend was given new life this year when the Chicago and North Western celebrated its centennial. Old-time railroad men submitted many Shelley items to the museum car which toured more than 50 cities. And thus, for a brief time, the memory of an almost-forgotten heroine was revived by the railroad which she had served so bravely and well.



The Hollywood Way

A HOLLYWOOD PRODUCER received a story entitled *The Optimist*. He called his staff together and said, "Gentlemen, this title must be

changed to something simpler. We know what an optimist is, but how many other people know it's an eye doctor?" —*Successful Farming*



Each year, the fragile creatures fly 3,000 miles in their mass migration to California

IF YOU ARE EVER in Pacific Grove, California, don't try to catch or molest a butterfly. If you do, it will cost you \$500 or a possible six-month jail sentence.

Why has the municipality passed stringent laws to protect the common garden butterfly? Because in this little town, sheltered from the broad Pacific, one of the strangest phenomena of nature takes place. For years, and with the same uncanny accuracy as the swallows of Capistrano, a mass migration of 1,000,000 Monarch butterflies has come there to spend the winter.

What makes the event even more amazing is the fact that these fragile creatures travel in a body more than 3,000 miles, and always seek

the same grove of pine trees that their ancestors sought before them. Starting in isolated parts of Alaska, they fly the most direct route, picking up brother butterflies through Canada and the northern U. S. For the final lap, they wing their way over 20 miles of sea.

In midwinter, when butterflies are seldom seen elsewhere, the streets, lawns and homes of Pacific Grove are filled with golden wings. But when spring comes, they leave the little town almost as mysteriously as they arrive.

How they manage to fly such tremendous distances, why they return with such uncanny accuracy each year, and what strange instinctive force sends a million of

these brightly colored insects to the same forest of pine trees—are all unanswerable mysteries of nature.

The Monarch, a common species often called the milkweed butterfly, is easily recognizable by his golden-brown color and white polka dots. Although apparently fragile, he is an extremely capable flier and possesses unusual strength.

In two weeks of migrating over forests, mountains and streams, the Monarchs fly only in daylight. They travel a little above treetops, usually in scattered groups, never halting individually. There are regular spots, however, where they rest.

Their arrival at Pacific Grove has been proclaimed by residents as a "cloud of gold"—and described by the more imaginative as a "billowing Oriental rug." One of the few persons who has actually seen them arrive is Mrs. Teresa Lloyd, curator of the local museum.

In October, 1926, Mrs. Lloyd determined to witness the event and went to the beach every afternoon. At the end of nine days, she noticed a moving cloud in the distance. "As it came close," says Mrs. Lloyd, "there was a low humming sound. There seemed to be miles of them,

and when they came overhead they blotted out the light."

Actually, no one knows for how many years the butterflies have made their mass migrations, but the first documentary evidence is dated 1881. Behind this miracle of Pacific Grove, however, is tragedy.

The property on which the original "butterfly trees" were located was owned by Elizabeth and Carrie Schneider, who for more than 20 years kept notes on the arrival and departure of the Monarchs. While the sisters were away one summer, the historic pines were marked as diseased and cut down.

The following winter, no butterflies appeared in Pacific Grove. One year later, however, on a sunny October morning, local residents again saw the beautiful butterflies perched on some pines less than 100 yards from the original trees. To preserve the Monarchs from further harm, the city fathers enacted protective ordinances and made efforts to shelter forever the new "butterfly trees."

Today, some strange instinct keeps the butterflies always on the search for their ancestral home—the original pines that exist no more.



A Bit of Himself

I KNOW A BUSY EXECUTIVE who dictates many letters. Each morning he formulates a short paragraph of personal news or comment outside the realm of business which he has his secretary add, with appropriate variations, to nearly all his letters for the day.

As a result, his correspondence has a warmth and friendliness rare in the business world. Yet not a minute of his busy office day does this take, for the executive formulates the daily paragraph—a bit of himself—on the way to the city on his suburban train.

—From *Try Giving Yourself Away* by DAVID DUNN

MINNESOTA'S Flaming Terror

by HAROLD ROGERS

Death and destruction rode a screaming gale into the north country 30 years ago

EACH MORNING AN ANGRY and smoky dawn greeted the rising sun. It was the month of falling leaves in Minnesota. Frost should have been in the air, but instead, the humidity continued to drop and a parched, explosive dryness held the vast, wooded land in its grip.

Already that season there had been well over 500 forest fires. More than 500,000 acres had been blackened, yet there was no respite. Hampered by lack of funds and the shortage of man power, the inadequate State Forestry Service con-

tinued to wage a determined but losing battle against the threatened catastrophe.

On October 1, 1918, tall Perry Swedberg, ranger in charge of the Moose Lake forestry station, wrote in his report: "The situation is now beyond human control. It is entirely up to the elements."

Scattered throughout the north country, stumps and brush fires blazed, peat bogs smouldered, but few people paid them heed. Then, on October 12, the blowup came—came with a suddenness that

stunned the inhabitants at first, then plunged them into a frenzied panic as they belatedly realized the hopelessness of their situation.

A 65-mile-an-hour wind ripped down out of the northwest, then became a screaming gale. As if waiting for this signal, several widely separated peat fires erupted with volcanic force. Pitch-filled balsams exploded, flinging burning brands a hundred yards. Blazing birchbark swirled along with the wind, starting spot fires wherever it touched.

Hastily summoned crews went into action, but swiftly they realized the futility of their efforts and tried only to save themselves and families. Twenty-two men in one crew were felled in their tracks as fire swept over them. But not only fire fighters died that terrible day and night. Entire families, even villages and towns, were consumed in a fiery breath.

While Carlton and St. Louis Counties took the brunt of the holocaust, surrounding counties did not escape. In the village of Kettle River, panic-stricken people piled into cars, wagons and any other conveyance they could find. In a few minutes the narrow road leading to Moose Lake was filled with vehicles driven by fear-crazed persons. By this time the air was thick with smoke and cinders. Headlights were useless, yet the cry "Hurry!" still was heard. Fire was closing in behind them.

A few miles south of the village, the road dipped through a timber-studded ravine, then made an abrupt turn. A loaded car missed the turn and swerved off the road. Others following close behind it smashed into the wreckage. In a

few moments, the smoke-shrouded road was choked with twisted automobiles and mangled humans. Screams of the victims mingled with the howl of the wind and the roar of flames as the fire closed in.

Next day, only a tangle of melted wreckage and a mass of charred bodies remained. Ironically, less than a hundred feet away was the turbulent Kettle River with its offer of protection, if anyone in that frightened caravan had only remembered it.

THROUGH THE SPARSELY settled country, the fire was stalking isolated victims with the same deadly fury. Charred bodies were found scattered across yards and fields, a mother here, a father there, children someplace else, wherever they had been at work or play when the holocaust struck. Other victims were found huddled in cellars and wells, spared from the flames yet dead of heat or suffocation.

For weeks afterwards, these isolated homes continued to yield up their victims to searching parties. In some instances a charred gun and a bullet hole through an equally charred skull revealed that there were some who, seeing fiery death approaching, had chosen a quicker exit.

There were others, however, who managed to thwart the flames. Tom Olson and his family, who lived not far from Moose Lake, refused to panic. A short distance from his home, Olson had cleared a small field, gathering stones and piling them in the center of his plowed land.

With the flames roaring in, he called his wife and three children,

had them fetch as many quilts and blankets as they could carry, soak them at the well and run for the stone pile. Olson himself carried two pails of water.

Once at the stone pile, Olson led his family to the lee side and directed them to lie prone. Next he covered them with soaked bedding, Olson himself standing outside until the heat became stifling. Then he doused the quilts with the water he had carried and crawled in with his family. When the fire had passed, they were all alive.

Tales were told of similar miraculous escapes. Two children, 12 and 13, who had been left at home alone by their parents, saw the fire approaching. They rushed into the house and closed the doors and windows. Then, while they cringed there waiting for death, they saw first a fawn, then a wolf, race into the clearing and huddle on the south side of the house, each unmindful of the other. For some unaccountable reason, the fire parted at the clearing, and the house, with the children it sheltered inside and the fawn and wolf outside, was miraculously spared.

That same evening, the residents of Moose Lake realized that their town could not be saved. A few attempted to flee, but the majority sought refuge in the chill waters of the lake. Standing shoulder deep in the water, many with babies and young children in their arms, they watched their town burn down to its foundations.

Forty miles above Moose Lake, similar disaster threatened, but from a different fire. Brookston, some 15 miles northwest of the sawmill town of Cloquet, was the first large

community to crumble beneath the flames. Toward evening, survivors began to stumble into Cloquet with eye-witness accounts of terror.

Still, the majority of people residing in the mill town, inured as they were to fire in the back country, failed to heed the warnings. At the mills, saws continued to drone and fresh lumber was racked in towering piles—piles that in a few hours were to become blazing pyres.

Percy Vibert, forest ranger at Cloquet station, hurried to the depot to urge that all available trains be brought to Cloquet to evacuate the inhabitants. By supertime, the wisdom of his request was no longer in doubt. Smoke was rolling into the community of 8,000 persons and, before long, glowing coals were streaking through the gloom. Complacency vanished. Crews were hastily called to aid the local fire department.

Then, as at Kettle River and Moose Lake, the fire came with explosive suddenness. Riding the teeth of the gale, flinging burning brands ahead, it fastened onto those inviting piles of lumber.

To the rising din, the mill whistles began to add their hollow moan. Houses and places of business were emptied. People spilled out into the streets, wild-eyed with horror as they realized their predicament. Burning boards were caught up by the wind and plunged into the heart of the town. In a few minutes the streets were lighted with a ghastly flicker as the fire spread to homes, stores, churches and schools.

Word was passed around that trains were waiting. From every street and alley, men, women and children streamed toward the tracks

and climbed into boxcars, gondolas, passenger cars. Abject misery filled their eyes as the trains started to move. A lifetime of work was going up in smoke, but in the outlying districts, life itself was being snuffed out in horrible agonies.

Before that tragic day and night ended, 432 persons were killed, while countless hundreds were injured. Eleven towns and villages were destroyed. Some 200,000 acres had been blackened and millions of dollars' worth of property wiped out by the frightful holocaust.

Home-guard units and troops being readied for overseas service in Europe were rushed to the scene.

Relief agencies went to work. The majority of those people who had been spared had nothing but the clothes on their backs with which to begin life anew.

Now, 30 years later, modern buildings have replaced those destroyed in the conflagration. Blackened stumps still remain here and there as a tragic reminder, but quick-growing aspens have covered most of the scars. Granite shafts mark the graves of the unfortunate. Today, many pass these places with scarcely a glance. Minnesota's holocaust was just another of the countless tragedies in the development of a great American frontier.

Easy Dollars for Christmas Buying

EVERY YEAR, MORE and more institutions, business houses and industrial plants realize that the most economical and time-saving way to remember employees and customers at Christmas time is to give magazine subscriptions. And in ever-increasing numbers, part-time agents are finding it easy to obtain these subscriptions—at a big profit to themselves.

It is economical, for example, for a public-utility firm in your community to give CORONET subscriptions to its employees—or for workers to give each other a year's subscription. Each gift costs only \$2.50.

Practically all the popular magazines offer special gift rates during the Christmas season. Publications covering every interest—magazines for women, for men, for children; magazines specializing in trades,

sports, hobbies, homemaking and fiction—all make attractive and easy-to-buy Christmas gifts.

Why not share in these big profits by joining with the CORONET Magazine Agency? As a CORONET representative you will be authorized to sell every magazine published in America. As a CORONET representative you will receive detailed information on how to get started . . . how to contact prospects . . . all you need to know about prices . . . and you will be furnished valuable supplies to help you get the orders.

The Christmas gift-subscription season is just starting. So send for your Jumbo Supply Kit now. To enroll, please remit 25 cents, to cover cost of mailing, to Coronet Agency Division, Department 224, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Ill.

STOP Being Sorry for Yourself

by ROBERT JORDAN

DO YOU BELIEVE that you got off to a poor start in life? Has the social position or poverty of your parents hindered you in life? Are you disheartened by the trade or work that you feel forced to follow? And finally have you used to the utmost the best talents and abilities with which you started life?

If you are inclined to pity yourself as the "forgotten man," why not look at the careers of others who started with little, but rose to greatness? For example:

Arthur MacMorrough Kavanagh was born without arms or legs, but he rode fearlessly, hunted and fished, was a good painter, wrote brilliantly, was elected to Parliament three times, and at 21 was a world traveler. Then he married, reared seven children and died at 58 beloved for his benevolences to the poor of Ireland.

William Shakespeare's father was a hard-working butcher, his mother could hardly read or write. Franz Schubert, brilliant Austrian composer, was the son of a poor school-

master and a cook. Michael Faraday, English physicist whose genius in electrodynamics helped to create today's industrial civilization, was the son of a blacksmith.

Do you feel you must wait to get started in your career? Benjamin West, celebrated portrait painter, at the age of five followed the trail

of cats, picking up their tail hairs to make brushes for his early paintings. John Smeaton, eminent engineer, while yet in bibs made a windmill

and then, climbing to the roof of his father's barn, tried it out.

Are you disheartened by your present job or trade? Arkwright, who helped develop the world's cotton industry, got his start by shaving people at a penny a shave. Mayor O'Dwyer of New York started as a laborer. Ben Jonson, famed English writer, was once a bricklayer.

Are you the son of a farmer? So was Sir Isaac Newton, who through the humble apple discovered the law of gravity. Fireman of an engine? So was George Stephenson, inventor of the first practical locomotive. A shoemaker? So was Ed-

History's pages overflow with the names of men who were too busy to be disheartened by the obstacles they had to overcome

wards, the great naturalist. A tailor? So was Andrew Johnson, President of the United States. A waiter? So was Irving Berlin, whose songs all America sings.

Are you discouraged at this moment because you haven't succeeded in your chosen career? One man plodded through life as a small-town failure, unsuccessful farmer, tanner and storekeeper. When the Civil War broke out, he so distrusted his own abilities that he was afraid to command a regiment of volunteers. But before the war was over, the nation honored him as general-in-chief of the Union armies, Ulysses S. Grant.

Bernard Palissy, the potter, spent 16 poverty-stricken years trying to produce enamel. In one last effort he burned in his fire the garden palings, then his furniture, then the doors and finally the floors of his house. But that final blaze revealed the secret he sought.

Does study bore you? From the age of ten until his 23rd year, an Englishman worked in a cotton mill for many hours a day. He kept an English grammar tied to his spinning jenny. As he raced back and forth, his eyes would snatch a sentence.

When his long day was done, he attended evening school for two hours. Then, when he came home, he went back to his books until his mother had to snatch the candle from him so he would stop studying and go to bed. Before he was 25, he had mastered the English language and medicine and geology. He was David Livingstone, great explorer and missionary who brought the light of religion and knowledge to dark Africa.

After reading about the exploits and accomplishments of these great leaders in human progress, can you still honestly say: "I never had a chance"?

Conversation



Stoppers

A SMALL RETAILER in a Chicago suburb had been trying for months to collect an overdue bill, but all his pleas and threats were completely disregarded. As a last resort, he sent a tear-jerking letter, accompanied by a snapshot of his little daughter. Under the picture he wrote: "The reason I must have my money!"

A prompt reply was accompanied by a photo of a voluptuous blonde in a bathing suit labeled: "The reason I can't pay!"—PARK RIDGE *Kiwanian*

AMONG THE RULES governing the schoolroom was one prohibiting the eating of candy or the chewing of gum during school hours. The teacher, noticing a suspicious lump in Johnny's cheek, said: "Johnny, are you eating candy or chewing gum?"

"No, I'm not, teacher," Johnny replied, "I'm just soaking a prune to eat at recess."

—*Wisconsin Journal of Education*

The Way Back

The Story of the American Indians

THEY CAME, in some dim, prehistoric past, from the wastelands of Siberia, across the Bering Strait to Alaska and spread slowly southward. The cruelty, greed and

prejudice of white men almost obliterated them, but today they have a new life and spirit. This is the story of their comeback—the comeback of the first Americans.



My Past



SITTING BULL, war chief, led his Sioux against Custer at the Little Big Horn.



GERONIMO became a Christian at 74 after a lifetime of fighting the white man.

"You have been taught that Columbus breathed life into the New World. You think of this continent as a sprawling, unbroken wilderness in the centuries before Jamestown, Plymouth and New Amsterdam. But this was the home of my people for 15,000 years before white men came from beyond the eastern horizon.

"When you first plunged a flag of the Old World into the rich earth of the New, you called us Indians because you believed you had reached the fabulous Indies. Englishmen, Dutchmen, Spaniards and Frenchmen—you came here by thousands and then by millions, seeking gold and land and freedom.

"All these things we had prized for centuries, but you took them from us as though they were here for you alone. We became a pagan symbol to you—a barrier before the manifest destiny of your nation.

"As you pushed us westward, we fought you bitterly. Both our peoples paid dearly for every red acre turned white. But your advance was remorseless, and soon we knew what you had always assumed: that even the breadth of a continent was not enough for both our cultures. Yours was the stronger.

"In a few dark and blood-splashed years, a way of life that had persevered through 150 centuries was crushed and compressed into the reservations which you said would be our new homeland. Here we were to learn the white man's ways, that we might become a part of the civilization you had built."





My Youth

"There were among us elders who had passed a lifetime in the futile struggle against your encroachments. Those who did not die of heartbreak lived out their years, nursing a bitter hatred, remembering a freer, happier day.

"But the greatest tragedy of my people came to those young men who recognized that the ways of the white man and the red man would ever be at odds. Although they had not lived through the ordeal which you visited upon us with your firearms and whiskey, your massacre and plunder, they knew the grim story. They knew that 800,000 Indians had lived in this land when Columbus came, and that this number was being ruthlessly reduced.

"To preserve the race they sought to become white men with red skins. But you would not allow it. Onto the bitterness of frontier treachery and bloodshed you heaped broken treaties, social inequality, and the last indignity: laughter.

"You see my people only as Big Chief Wampum, sitting by his tepee on U. S. Route 66, selling beads and blankets to tourists. You remember us as the savages of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. You say we are drunkards, lazy and shiftless. But there are such Englishmen, Hindus and Swedes too. *He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone . . .*

"Today, the young among us keep before them the memory of men with our blood—Will Rogers, Jim Thorpe, Charles Curtis—men who have proved that the Indian can seek a better tomorrow."



THREE-FOURTHS of our 400,000 Indians live on the reservations set aside for them.



INDIAN BOYS still dress up in the costumes of their fathers, proud of their past.



TRIBAL GROUPS OFTEN GET TOGETHER TO DISCUSS THEIR COMMON PROBLEMS.

My Home

"Most of my people live on the reservations you set aside for us with such flourish 50 years ago. Once these lands totaled 138,000,000 acres. Now we are crammed into an area one-sixth that size. We have been forced to give way before oil and gold, railroads and cities—all far more important to you than the welfare of a few thousand semi-civilized savages. You did not consider that two or three reductions in the size of a reservation made it a veritable ghetto. You ignored the death and disease that ran rampant through these tracts.

"On our reservations we are supposed to be free. But the truth belies that freedom. We are forbidden to make contracts, hire a lawyer, bor-

row or bequeath money, or even hold funds without the permission of a Reservation Agent. In Mississippi and North Carolina we must attend separate public schools. You have kept us in a state of dependency, never encouraging us to grow as a people. You see us as children, harmless, but irresponsible.

"This is the freedom you have given us. Never has your government enabled us to raise our standard of living above the level of a bare subsistence, but no longer do we placidly wait, hoping help will come to us.

"We know now that we ourselves must find our own enlightenment and assistance. We are stronger. Our path is clearly outlined."



GEORGE GILLETTE WEEPS AS INTERIOR
SECRETARY KRUG BUYS 155,000 ACRES
OF HIS PEOPLE'S RESERVATION



RITUAL DANCES of another day are still important, even to many Christian Indians.

My Prayers

"You have called us pagans, and I suppose we were. We sang the praises of the sun, wind, and blue waters of this rich land. We worshipped the memory of departed heroes. We believed they would return to show us eternity in a land as fair as this. These were our simple beliefs.

"But even in the days of bitterest warfare between our two peoples, there were white men whose aim was not conquest, whose rewards were not plunder. Missionaries of many faiths journeyed far beyond the frontier. They came in peace, and save where fear of the white man preceded them, they were accepted in peace.

"The great services of the Jesuits and the Franciscans recognized no western boundary. They helped to build your nation, for they made friends of my people. From them we learned that there was one God, and that He had as His concern the earthly welfare and eternal glory of all men—white, black, yellow and red.

"Many of us gave up the medicine man and renounced our worship of the elements. We learned to pray in temples rather than under the stars. Still others among us have added the concept of one God to our ancient worship.

"And for most of us, the traditions of an age-old culture have not been forgotten. We keep a little of the old way because it is meaningful and symbolic to us, because it perpetuates a culture which has sustained my people through many years and much hardship."







THOUSANDS OF INDIANS WORK AS COWHANDS AND FARMERS ON WHITE MEN'S HOLDINGS.

My Land

"With your seemingly boundless resources, with your old world knowledge, you built a great empire—but not without our help.

"Many years ago my people taught you that corn was good to eat, and today the golden tassels cover the Western plains. We gave you tobacco, cotton, quinine, and all those things helped you to survive in a strange and often terrible world.

"Today, while you make the earth yield a bounty, we reap only enough from arid plots to keep us alive. Our tribal elders, clinging tenaciously to old ways, raise the ancient crops and till the land with the crude tools of their fathers. They scorn the way of the white man, they remember that, in another day,

tending the land was woman-work.

"But our young people have found answers to the challenge of the barren land you gave us. Since the rich earth is lost, we have learned to live a life which tolerates no waste. Under the whiplash of necessity, we make the best of our meager sources and supplies. We have learned to live and work together. This is the triumphant factor of our life today.

"Although we are still severely limited by the laws, written and unwritten, of a white man's society, we are forging steadily forward. We have fought against inequity for almost 500 years. We shall go on fighting until we achieve the respect of all Americans."



EVERY YEAR thousands of Indians go to work in "the outside world."



TOURISTS know the Indian small businessman who sells the products of Indian craft.

My Work

"It has not been many years since Gen. Philip H. Sheridan said: 'The only good Indian I ever saw was a dead Indian.'"

"We have spent these years in a desperate attempt to climb from the abyss into which you drove us. My people have come perilously close to extinction, for there had been nothing in our history to prepare us for this disastrous upheaval.

"In 1924 you gave us citizenship after almost 10,000 Indian volunteers stood alongside white men at Chateau-Thierry and in the Argonne. But in two states—New Mexico and Arizona—where almost 100,000 of my people live, you have kept us from exercising the first right of that citizenship—voting—until only this year.

"Many of us turned from agriculture to other pursuits. Between the Indian who sells trinkets to tourists and the fantastically rich Indians of Oklahoma's oil lands, there are many thousands of hardworking people whose aim is to be accepted as plain Americans. They work as cotton pickers, mechanics, shipyard hands and millers. You will see them in mines and factories, on railroads and ranches.

"Today, 17,000 of our young people cannot go to school because there are no facilities for them. These are the things which keep us in squalor and ignorance. Yet we still cherish the hope held out by the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. We will go on fighting for those rights to which you say all Americans are heir."



TRAINED DOCTORS AND MODERN SCIENCE HAVE REPLACED THE LORE OF THE MEDICINE MAN.

My Hope

"We have never been the savages you made us out. There is much in our past of which we are deeply proud: the Five Nations of the Iroquois, organized almost 400 years ago for lasting peace; Sequoya, the Cherokee who devised an Indian alphabet in 1820. We are proud of our influence on the growth of your nation, of our trails and villages which became the great highways and cities of these United States.

"The past we fought to bring into the present was an honorable one and my people need never be ashamed of it. As a group we will never surrender the past. We will draw strength from it. And through the years to come, we will preserve it."



50,000 INDIANS still speak no English or Spanish, their major modern languages.



"In 15,000 years my people have triumphed over famine, war, pestilence. We have triumphed over you,

too, for we have survived. We will grow stronger. We are fighting for our place in the future."



Edited by IRVING HOFFMAN

THE SUBURBANITE was sitting at his window one evening when he casually called to his wife:

"There goes that woman Bill Jones is so terribly in love with."

His wife, who was in the kitchen, dropped a cup, hurtled through the door, knocked over a lamp and a bowl of goldfish, and craned her neck to look out the window.

"Where?" she panted.

"There," he pointed, "that woman on the corner."

"You idiot," she hissed, "that's his wife."

"Yes, of course," he replied smoothly.

—From *The Joke Teller's Joke Book*, published by Blochstein

A NEW YORKER was charged with striking a woman fellow-passenger in a double-decker bus. The magistrate asked him what excuse he could offer.

"Well, sir, it was like this," replied the culprit. "She sat on the seat beside me on the lower deck of the bus. Then she opened her bag, took out her coin purse, closed her

bag, opened her coin purse, took out a dime, closed her coin purse, opened her bag, put back the purse, and closed her bag. Then she noticed the conductor was going upstairs, so she opened her bag, took out her coin purse, closed her bag, opened her purse, put in her dime, closed her purse, opened her bag, put in her purse, and closed the bag. Then she saw the conductor coming downstairs, so she opened her bag, took out her coin purse, closed her bag, opened her coin purse, took out a dime . . ."

The magistrate could bear it no longer. "Stop!" he cried, "you'll drive me crazy!"

"That's just what happened to me, sir," said the man.

—From *Fun for All* by GEORGE McMANUS, published by World

A STORY THAT IS GOING the rounds in Britain should prove that there is little danger of a totalitarian state in the British Isles.

The story goes like this:

An agitator is haranguing a crowd of workingmen. Says he: "Comes the era of the common man, and you, the common men of England, will enjoy the pleasures of the rich. You will walk down Park Lane wearing a top hat . . ."

"Excuse me," interrupted a member of the audience, "but Hi'd rather 'ave a cloth cap."

" . . . or if you prefer it, a cloth cap," went on the speaker. "You will wear a cutaway coat and tramline trousers . . ."

"Excuse me," interposed the interrupter again, "but Hi'm more comfortabull in corduroys."

"Very well. Corduroys, if you insist on hanging on to them," continued the annoyed orator. "And

you will ride to work in the luxurious comfort of a Rolls Royce . . ."

"Excuse me," said the cockney, "but Hi'd rather use me bike."

The agitator left his platform and came over to the man who kept interrupting him. Grabbing him by his sleeve, he shook him roughly. "Listen, you!" he said between his teeth, "comes the era of the common man and you'll do what you are bloody well ordered to do."

—From *How to Like an Englishman*
by C. V. R. THOMPSON, Putnam's

WANTING TO DIVERT the attention of his troublesome young daughter, a father cut a map of the world from a newspaper, sheared it into a number of odd-shaped pieces, and told her to put it together again.

He was hoping for an hour of quiet, but in five minutes the little girl had completed the task.

"How did you manage to work your puzzle so quickly?" he asked.

"Oh, it was easy," replied the child. "I turned the pieces over and saw there was a man's picture on the other side. I just put the man together right, and when that was done the world was right."

—ELEANOR CLARAGE IN *CLEVELAND Plain Dealer*

THE RAILROAD DINING-CAR customer's lunch check came to \$1.45. He handed the waiter two one-dollar bills. Presently the waiter returned with the change on the customary silver tray—on which a miserly tip always screams to high heaven. On the tray was the customer's correct change—a 50-cent piece and a nickel.

The customer eyed the two coins, glanced up at the expectant waiter, glanced down speculatively at the

coins—and finally picked up the 50-cent piece and stuck it in his pocket. Then he peered up at the waiter a bit furtively and with some trepidation. The latter grinned an infectious grin. It spread from ear to ear. He nodded his head with vigorous approval.

"S'all right, Mister, 's'all right," he chuckled. "I jes took a chance. I jes gambled and lost—dat's all!"

—*Foreign Service*

A BRAND-NEW MODEL-T Ford rolled into a service station in a small town near Oklahoma City not long ago and stopped for gas. The black paint sparkled in the sunlight, and bits of manila paper clung to the windshield and doors as though the car had just come off the assembly line.

"Where in the world did you get that?" asked the station attendant.

"Well, it's thisaway," explained the driver, an old man. "When Ma and me heard that Henry was agoin' to start makin' a Ford with that new fancy gearshift, we figured we was too old to learn to drive one of 'em. So we just bought four of these, figgerin' they would last us as long as we would be gallivantin' around. Got one more to go after this'n!"

—W. E. GOLDEN

Have you heard a funny story lately? Why not pass it on? Coronet invites readers to contribute their favorite anecdotes for "Grin and Share It." Payment for accepted stories will be made upon publication. Address material to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet Magazine, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Sorry, but no "Grin and Share It" contributions can be acknowledged, and none can be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage.

Are You Ready for Married Love?

by DR. CLIFFORD R. ADAMS and
VANCE O. PACKARD



TODAY, as always, the principal reason that most people marry is sexual attraction—the urge to satisfy physical desire. Now sexual attraction is a vital factor in the success or failure of any marriage, yet modern science knows that desire alone does not provide a sound foundation for happiness. That is why it is so important for young people to know, in advance, the other factors that must be considered in choosing a husband or wife, in order to avoid the tragic mistakes that cause broken homes.

Dr. Clifford R. Adams, noted psychologist and marriage counselor, draws on thousands

of case histories in explaining how to put the selection of a husband or wife on a sensible and practical basis that will increase immeasurably the likelihood of lasting happiness. This special feature is adapted from Dr. Adams' successful book, *How to Pick a Mate*, written in collaboration with Vance O. Packard and published at \$2.75 by E. P. Dutton & Company, Inc., New York.

The simple but authentic tests that Dr. Adams has prepared as an index to your readiness for married love are as useful to long-married couples as they are to younger folk who are uncertain about their chances for marital happiness.

Are You Ready for Married Love?

by DR. CLIFFORD R. ADAMS and VANCE O. PACKARD

A GOOD MANY PEOPLE resent the idea of an outsider telling them how they should pick a mate. They think it smacks of meddling. Marriage, they say, is something sacred and personal. It should not be done according to rules.

But unfortunately, marriages are *not* made in Heaven. Usually people marry by hunch or impulse . . . because their parents think it is a good match . . . or because they get so deeply involved romantically that marrying seems the only proper thing to do.

Too frequently, however, such methods merely mess up a couple of people's lives. Though marriage is the most universal institution known to man, increasing numbers of Americans are shunning it by divorce or otherwise. About ten per cent of our marriageable men have become unbudgeable bachelors. The number of women who are choosing careers in preference to marriage is soaring. Moreover, there are 1,500,000 men and women in America who tried marriage and are now living apart in divorce.

Thus the question "Why marry,

anyhow?" is a fair one. So right at the start, let's face the main reasons why people do not marry or do not stay married.

Many people never marry because they don't relish giving up their freedom. Some men do not like being "saddled" with family responsibilities and being "tied down" to one woman. Likewise, some women have become so accustomed to living alone—and are so reluctant to give up careers—that they hesitate to abandon their independence until it is too late.

Many other girls and men do not marry because they are too particular. Often they have a "phantasy ideal" of the mate they want and can't find such a person in real life. There are still other people who don't marry because they lack a decent opportunity. Girls who choose nursing as a career, for example, cut their marriage prospects at least 50 per cent. It is much the same for librarians and social workers. In fact, a girl can reduce her chances of marriage merely by going to a girls' college.

Then there is a large group who

do not marry because they have been disappointed in love—perhaps in an early love affair that ended in disappointment or grief. It produced a psychological scar that prevented the person from achieving happiness through marriage.

Occasionally men and women do not marry because they have family responsibilities — perhaps a widowed mother or orphaned brothers and sisters—which make them feel they can't afford, or have no right, to take on a mate.

The main reason why people do not marry, however, is that they have an unhealthy attitude which makes it virtually impossible for them to adjust themselves happily to thoughts of marriage. They are full of fears about the obligations marriage may bring.

Some are too selfish or too egocentric to be able to compromise; and in marriage the partners must be able to sacrifice their private desires for the common cause.

Other poorly adjusted persons are incapable of accepting the many responsibilities that go with marriage. Perhaps their mother or father tied them down so closely as a child that they never had a chance to develop self-sufficiency and independence.

Many people, particularly girls, have an unhealthy attitude toward marriage because they are frightened by physical intimacies. A 29-year-old wife who had been married four years confessed recently that she dreaded the thought of physical intimacy with her husband.

This wife unconsciously revealed a clue to her coldness when she related remarks her mother had made to her during girlhood. The mother

had talked of her own agonies during the girl's birth and had told how the process had injured her internally. The mother had talked of physical intimacy as one of the burdens a wife has to bear. One night, when the girl had been thus conditioned, a date stopped his car and tried to caress her. She was terrified. Now, 12 years later and married, she was still on guard.



MARRIAGE, IDEALLY, is one of the most permanent things in life. It gives a person a chance to sink roots. Which brings us to the other side of the picture: why people *do* marry. There are 30,000,000 married couples in America today, and they didn't get married just because it is the customary thing to do. Marriage must have something to offer. If you doubt it, consider these facts:

Married people normally live longer than single people. According to a Metropolitan Life Insurance Company report, twice as many single men from 30 to 45 die as do married men in the same age bracket. For women between 30 and 65, married women have a ten-per-cent advantage over single women. Twice as many widowers die as do men who remain married.

Then there are some very practical reasons for marrying. For one thing, it is cheaper for two people to live together than to live separately. It costs only two-thirds as much.

By marrying, a man becomes a better employment risk. Married men usually are regarded as more steady and trustworthy employees than single men. This is logical. Marriage exerts a stabilizing in-

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fluence on most men. Another point is that the married man is less apt to leave a good job.

Furthermore, a married person is regarded more favorably socially. In fact, there is a greater feeling of "belonging" to the community for the married person than for the bachelor or spinster. And right or wrong, most people feel there is something a bit unnatural about an adult remaining unmarried.

Finally, marriage offers a way to achieve sexual satisfaction without the terrible feelings of guilt, anxiety and remorse that often accompany unmarried love. Modern psychology recognizes that sexual satisfaction is more than a physiological process of reproduction. It is a psychologically satisfying activity and releases many nervous tensions as well as tensions brought about by hormonal or glandular needs.

Getting married is one of the biggest steps a person takes in life. In fact, for most people, life boils down to coping with three big problems:

Learning to get along with people; choosing a career and succeeding in it; picking a mate and living happily thereafter.

 ARE YOU READY for married love? The answer is deceptively simple. You are ready if you are mature enough. And maturity, as it bears on your readiness for marriage, can be measured in at least five ways: physiological, mental, vocational, sexual and emotional. By these standards some people are not old enough to marry when they are 35!

How Old Are You Physiologically? The adolescence of the early teens is characterized by rapid bodily growth—in height, weight and sexual development. By 18, however, you are nearly as tall as you will ever be. Sexual growth, while not complete (especially for a girl), has reached a point where reproduction is possible. General growth slows down considerably and by 24 has just about stopped. For purposes of marriage the average person is "mature" physiologically by the age of 20. But some require more time, because of glandular disturbances.

How Old Are You Mentally? We do not mean what is your I.Q., which is a measure of your capacity to learn, but rather the accumulation of your learning. In short, how wise are you? Normally a person must live 21 or 22 years before he has seen enough of life through schooling and experience to take on the responsibilities that go with marriage. If you have led a sheltered or one-sided life, it will probably take longer.

How Old Are You Vocationally? A man is not mature until he has established that he can earn a living. A college degree, a license to practice medicine, to teach, or to practice barbering are not enough. There must be a successful work record, and that cannot be present until a person has used his vocational knowledge to make a living for at least a year.

Once it was thought that girls needed no special training vocationally, but that notion is outdated now. Modern women like to

feel independent, and frequently their ability to earn money is called into use. At the least, the girl entering marriage should already be capable of managing a home—and that requires skill and knowledge that can't be learned in a night club.

How Old Are You Sexually? Sexual maturity implies far more than the ability to beget or bear a child. Most morons can do that. Sexual maturity is largely determined by childhood, and it is something most people either have or don't have.

A youngster reared by parents who were well-balanced emotionally, who listened to his problems, who explained comprehensively the magic and mystery of sex functions, will usually be ready to face the problems of sexual adolescence.

When the boy and girl emerge from adolescence at about the age of 18, they have achieved sexual maturity if there is freedom from repression and inhibitions about sex; if there is no aversion as far as sex is concerned; if there is no abnormal curiosity or longing for sexual information or experience.

He or she may still be shy or self-conscious in the presence of someone of the opposite sex, but both soon get over it when they find activities to share. This is normally easy because, by 18, youngsters have acquired skill in dancing, sports, hobbies and conversing.

How Old Are You Emotionally? This is by far the most significant of all your ages in determining your readiness to marry. Most marriage research indicates that people who lack "emotional maturity" rarely achieve a happy marriage.

What is emotional maturity? It's a state of mind that includes ability to get along with people . . . ability to find satisfaction and reward in work . . . ability to recognize and solve problems which involve your relations with others . . . and finally it includes freedom from instability and neuroticism.

As in sexual maturity, the first ten years of life are apparently the most important in determining whether you will be emotionally stable. Certainly, by 18, a person should have a pretty firm hold on his emotions. If he has not acquired such balance by 21 or 22, he should deliberately set out to achieve better self-control.

To pin emotional maturity down more specifically, here are eight traits, one or more of which are frequently noted in persons considered "emotionally immature," and eight noted in mature persons.

IMMATURE:

1. Is aggressive and domineering
2. Is rebellious and "bullheaded"
3. Is full of hates and prejudices
4. Is often victim of illusions
5. Has many phobias, inhibitions
6. Is victim of imaginary pains, stuttering, hysteria, tremors, insomnia
7. Is high-strung
8. Is often indecisive and anxious

MATURE:

1. Gets along with people
2. Has satisfying home life
3. Profits from his mistakes
4. Is successful in his work
5. Respects authority and customs
6. Faces his problems
7. Accepts responsibility for own acts
8. Is consistent and predictable

When all five "ages" are considered, it would seem that a girl

should not consider marriage until she is at least 19 or 20 and the man not before he is 21 or 22. Those are minimum ages. Persons who develop more slowly than average should wait a year or two longer before deciding about marriage.



"LOVE" is unquestionably the most-abused word in the English language. People "love" puppies or they "love" ice cream. Boys trying to get a kiss from their girl friends mumble something about love.

Two out of five girls who come to the Penn State Marriage Counseling Service think they are in love but aren't sure. One girl reported that she was "terribly in love" with two different men at the college. One was on the basketball team, the other played in a campus orchestra. She wanted to be told which to choose. Tests soon established that she wasn't actually in love with either.

But, you may ask, how about those couples who are "meant for each other" and "fall in love at first sight"? Both are nice romantic notions, but both have little validity in fact. A girl has about as much chance of "falling in love at first sight" as she does of becoming Cinderella. At times, couples experience "infatuation at first sight"—which may or may not later mature into love. And ordinarily the infatuation is based about 80 per cent on sexual attraction.

"Love at first sight" also occurs when someone happens to match your "phantasy ideal" for a mate. If you have always dreamed of a

bride with large brown eyes, a turned-up nose and a shapely figure—and you are ripe for mating—you fall for the first girl matching that description. But it is a mighty hazardous way to pick a mate.

Why is love at first sight so improbable? Here we get to the essence of love, which the dictionary defines as: "Desire for, and earnest effort to promote the welfare of, another." Love is not a trap you fall into. It is a state of respect for, and comradeship with, another that has developed from the fact that you have similar tastes, ideals and yearnings. Such comradeship cannot come as a result of one date.


If your early life has been marked by strife in the home and tension in your relations with people your own age, then you have been poorly conditioned for the comradeship that married love can provide. And you probably will have difficulty finding happiness in marriage.

But if your relationships with people have been relatively serene, you will find it easy to learn to love someone. You will find that when you do certain things, you receive approval in happy smiles and rewards. Gradually you learn to put your best foot forward. You and your date both are conditioned to be on your best behavior and, if you have many things in common, develop a deep friendship.

Then, if the conditioning during the friendship is quite favorable, your mutual feeling of appreciation and affection ripens into love. There you have it.

In your love for each other you will both gradually become sexually

vibrant and begin to feel a need for sexual expression through each other. As this need becomes increasingly strong, you both begin to think of marriage. Ideally, when your need for each other can no longer be denied, you are married.

 THE AVERAGE young person considering marriage thinks only in terms of what he wants in a mate. But anyone facing the problem realistically should consider three things, not one: 1. What you want. 2. What you need. 3. What you can get.

Ordinarily you might think that the kind of mate you want would be the kind you need. But a person's desires often are based on frivolous or impractical considerations, or upon the desire merely to "marry into money."

During the past several years, students in Penn State's psychology classes on preparation for marriage have been asked how much money they consider an absolute minimum on which to marry. The girls consistently specified more than the men. The average for the boys is \$2,450, for the girls \$2,950.

More than ten per cent. of the girls have specified that they will not marry until their groom has an income of more than \$5,000. Obviously such girls are insisting on incomes which are more than they need—and almost certainly more than they can get.

Take the case of Miriam, who specified that her man must be earning at least \$4,000 a year. She set the figure that high because she knows nothing about cooking or

managing a home, so will have to hire someone else to do that. This man she will be willing to marry must be of "superior intelligence" (even though her intelligence is barely average), he must be six feet tall, dark and handsome, a good dancer; he must have broad shoulders and a "strong face."

He must be a good bridge player; he must smoke a pipe; he must come from a "distinguished" family and must be either a physician or lawyer. Finally, she wrote, he must be a man who will put her on an altar and worship her.

Miriam has thought vaguely of children, but thinks they should be put off for at least five years so that she may follow a dancing or theatrical career. It is conceivable, of course, that she can find such a man, but considering her background and talents, we doubt that she could interest him in marriage.

Often what we want in a mate is based upon our wants at the moment rather than upon basic or long-range needs. A couple in their early twenties may insist that each be a good dancer as one of the main qualifications for marriage. But ten years from now, that may be an unessential qualification.

Some people set their "mate goals" so high that they would rather remain unmarried than marry anyone below these standards. Years later they may be terribly frustrated as a result. In the summer marriage classes at Penn State, largely made up of unmarried schoolteachers, many have confessed that they could have married when younger but somehow the man did-

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n't seem quite good enough. Now, too old to hope to marry, most of them wish they had been more practical in their middle twenties.

What are the things we need in a mate? There are certain qualities that almost everyone would accept as desirable—good health, sense of humor, fairness, dependability, unselfishness, patience. However, most authorities agree that in considering possible mates, you should seek someone who is roughly your own age, has about the same education, comes from approximately the same social-economic level, and is of the same nationality, race and religion.



NOW YOU ARE going to take ten tests to see how well-qualified you are to marry.

They can be taken by either men or women. And we suggest that after you take the tests you have your favorite date take them, too.

In addition to scoring your desirability as a mate, the tests will help unveil your own personality, presenting you as you appear to others. So be honest with yourself.

Some of these traits are more important to happiness in marriage than others, and some are more important for one sex than the other. Be sure not to discuss the questions with anyone until after you have taken all the tests. Now go ahead, and work rapidly.

Trait I (Sociability)

Indicate the degree of your liking for each of the following activities by circling the letter M if you would like it a great deal, S if you would

have some liking for it, L if you would have little liking for it, and N if you would have practically no liking for it.

1. Introducing strangers at a party M S L N
2. Entertaining a group of friends... M S L N
3. Raising money for a charity..... M S L N
4. Taking part in some athletic contest M S L N
5. Going on a picnic..... M S L N
6. Playing games like golf, tennis, croquet..... M S L N
7. Reading the sports section of the newspaper..... M S L N
8. Playing games like bridge, pinochle or Monopoly..... M S L N
9. Keeping a pet, such as a cat or dog M S L N
10. Attending a masquerade party... M S L N
11. Performing on the radio..... M S L N
12. Being a delegate to a convention... M S L N
13. Making long-distance calls to friends..... M S L N
14. Preparing for an exam by studying with classmates..... M S L N
15. Helping a stranded motorist change a tire..... M S L N

Trait II (Conformity)

If you agree that the statement is true, circle the letter A. If you agree but with reservations, circle R. If you disagree, circle D.

1. Shows with scantily dressed performers should not be permitted..... A R D
2. No cultured person would ever use profanity..... A R D
3. The right to vote should be given to persons of 18 years of age..... A R D
4. No person except a law officer should be permitted to own a pistol... A R D

5. No acceptable excuse can ever be made for suicide. A R D
6. Children owe their parents more than their parents owe them. A R D
7. Few people would be better off dead than alive. A R D
8. Rich people are no happier than poor people. A R D
9. Natural resources should belong to individuals rather than to the government. A R D
10. Parents can decently support and educate two children in a city of 5,000, with a total income of less than \$200 per month. A R D
11. Parents should be permitted to punish or whip their children. A R D
12. Stealing cannot be excused on any grounds. A R D
13. Anything injurious to the human body, such as tobacco, should be outlawed. A R D
14. Highly intelligent people are just as happy as average people. A R D
15. The average person needs more mathematics than the eighth grade provides. A R D

Trait III (Tranquillity)

Below is a list of the common annoyances which affect most people to some extent. Indicate your degree of annoyance by drawing a circle around M if it annoys you much, around S if it annoys you some, around L if it annoys you a little, and around N if it never annoys you.

1. To have a stop light turn red as you drive up to it. M S L N
2. To drop an article when you have your arms full. M S L N
3. To have to stand up in a streetcar or bus. M S L N
4. To have to talk when you don't feel like it. M S L N
5. To be interrupted when reading an interesting story. M S L N

6. To have a casual visitor outstay his welcome. M S L N
7. To be detained when you are in a hurry. M S L N
8. To listen to radio when static is bad. M S L N
9. To have someone break an engagement at the last minute. M S L N
10. To be interrupted when you are talking. M S L N
11. To have someone read over your shoulder. M S L N
12. To miss a streetcar or bus. M S L N
13. To have a movie film break at an exciting point. M S L N
14. To burn your mouth or tongue with hot food or beverage. M S L N
15. To be accidentally locked out of your car or home. M S L N

Trait IV (Dependability)

Of the statements below, draw a circle around T for those you believe to be usually true; around D for those whose truth you doubt; around F for those usually false.

1. Prohibition encouraged many people to drink who never drank before. T D F
2. An unpopular person could often become popular by lowering his standards of conduct. T D F
3. People who date a great deal before marriage often make poor marriage mates. T D F
4. Students who are always taking the lead in class discussions are usually trying to get attention. T D F
5. Policemen "bawl out" people largely to satisfy their own sense of importance. T D F
6. People of high ideals usually have fewer friends than individuals whose ideals are not of the highest. T D F
7. A person is often a failure because of very high ethics. T D F
8. The very pretty girl with little

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ability often is more successful than the plain girl who has real ability. T D F

9. What you know is not so important to success as whom you know. T D F

10. Getting the breaks is more important to success than being well-qualified. T D F

11. Few employees would loaf if they were paid enough. T D F

12. Man is powerless in the hands of fate. T D F

13. People often try to impress others by saying that they are very fond of "high-brow" music and books. T D F

14. The law is harder on the poor man than on the rich man. T D F

15. The good "bluffer" succeeds nearly as well as the person who can deliver the goods. T D F

Trait V (Stability)

Below is a list of fears most people experience. Indicate your degree of fear for each by drawing a circle around M if you would usually have considerable fear, around S if you would have some fear, around L if you would have a little fear, and around N if you would usually feel no fear.

1. Being buried alive. M S L N

2. Being bitten by a snake while walking alone in the woods. M S L N

3. Being drowned at sea. M S L N

4. Friends losing confidence in you because of untrue rumors. M S L N

5. Walking past graveyards alone late at night. M S L N

6. Having friends learn about your worst faults. M S L N

7. Touching mice, rats, worms, or lizards. M S L N

8. Losing your wife or sweetheart to somebody else. M S L N

9. Getting too deeply in debt or having financial misfortune. M S L N

10. Looking down from the edge of a precipice. M S L N

11. Being punished in the next world. M S L N

12. Elevator falling while descending from the top of a skyscraper. M S L N

13. Losing your mind or becoming insane. M S L N

14. Losing your eyesight. M S L N

15. Listening to a radio horror story late at night while alone. M S L N

Trait VI (Standards and Ideals)

Indicate the degree of your dislike for each of the following activities or things by drawing a circle around M if you dislike it a great deal, around S if you dislike it some, around L if you have little dislike for it, and around N if you have no dislike for it.

1. A person who brags about his achievements. M S L N

2. Individuals who always put the blame on somebody else. M S L N

3. Storekeepers who never make mistakes except in their favor. M S L N

4. Extreme pessimists or people who always expect the worst. M S L N

5. A gold digger. M S L N

6. The person who "forgets" to pay his share of the check. M S L N

7. People who are never on time for appointments. M S L N

8. People who have little control over their tempers. M S L N

9. The girl who uses excessive make-up. M S L N

10. People who cheat on examinations. M S L N

11. Individuals who are careless and indifferent about dress. M S L N

12. Radicals or reactionaries who impose their views upon you. M S L N

13. Individuals who are always bored and never have a good time. M S L N

14. A person who gambles for money. M S L N

15. Listening to scandalous gossip. M S L N

Trait VII (Steadiness)

Each word in capitals is followed by four words. Put a check mark after the word that seems to you to go most naturally with the word in capitals. Mark only one word in each line. For example: TRAVEL boat ship train car ✓

Here, the word "car" has been checked. There are no right or wrong answers. Work rapidly.

1. PAST	yesterday ✓	forget	sorrow	hidden
2. SLEEP	rest	dream	need	together
3. IMMORAL	vulgar ✓	person	vile	criminal
4. DREAM	vision	night	trance ✓	romance
5. LOVE	adore	esteem ✓	worship	yearn
6. BABY	home	future	unwanted	cost
7. LONELY	solitary ✓	friendless	miserable	forsaken
8. DEBT	obligation ✓	weight	necessary	nightmare
9. SWEETHEART	love ✓	engaged	wistful	lost
10. MONEY	currency ✓	pay	lack	urgent
11. ENEMY	foe	hated	dangerous	destroyed
12. FILTHY	dirty ✓	disgusting	mind	body
13. PARENT	home	love	depend	strict
14. SIN	wrong	vice	guilt	black
15. REVOLTING	distasteful	repulsive ✓	loathsome	degrading

Trait VIII (Flexibility)

Below is a list of activities or things. If you feel about the same way toward them now that you did three or four years ago, draw a circle around S. If you have partly changed your feelings, draw a circle around P. If your feeling now is considerably different, draw a circle around D.

1. Pacifism.....S P D
2. Labor unions.....S P D
3. Less governmental supervision of business.....S P D
4. Old-age pensions.....S P D
5. Sit-down strikes.....S P D
6. Socialization of medicine...S P D
7. Emphasis that colleges place upon activities.....S P D
8. The Soviet Union.....S P D
9. Distribution of wealth.....S P D
10. Capital punishment.....S P D

11. Sterilization of the feeble-minded.....S P D
12. "Work-or-starve" relief legislation.....S P D
13. Need for polls of public opinion.....S P D
14. Basing taxation on the ability to pay.....S P D
15. Preferences for styles of homes...S P D

Trait IX (Seriousness)

Below is a list of topics which people consider to some extent at one time or another. Indicate the degree of thinking you have given each of these topics during the past year by drawing a circle around M if you have done considerable thinking about it; around S if you have done some thinking about it; around L if you have done a little

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thinking about it; and around N if you have done no thinking about it.

1. Responsibilities that parents and children should share..... M S L N
2. Proper training of children..... M S L N
3. Immoral influence of movies on children..... M S L N
4. Smoking of cigarettes by girls and women..... M S L N
5. Importance of regular saving of part of income..... M S L N
6. Use of the atomic bomb in warfare..... M S L N
7. Regular attendance at religious services..... M S L N
8. The way or place to spend your vacation..... M S L N
9. Stricter censorship of books and magazines..... M S L N
10. Learning to dance, ski, skate, etc..... M S L N
11. Punctuality on a job or regular class attendance..... M S L N
12. Getting better grades at school or working for a promotion... M S L N
13. The cost of living..... M S L N
14. Life after death..... M S L N
15. Automobile accidents caused by reckless driving..... M S L N

Trait X (Family Background)

Be absolutely truthful on this test; try to be objective and honest with yourself. Answer yes or no if possible. If you can't decide yes or no, then circle the question mark.

1. Were your own parents quite happily married?..... YES ? NO
2. Did you have a happy childhood?..... YES ? NO
3. Did you have a great deal of love and affection for your mother?..... YES ? NO
4. Did you have a great deal of love and affection for your father?..... YES ? NO
5. Did you get along well with your mother without any serious conflict?..... YES ? NO
6. Did you get along well with your father without any serious conflict?..... YES ? NO
7. Was your home discipline firm but not harsh?..... YES ? NO
8. Was the punishment that you received both mild and infrequent?.... YES ? NO
9. Is your present attitude toward sex free from disgust or aversion?..... YES ? NO

Eight Important Points for Men

HAPPY HUSBANDS:

- Have greater stability
- Are cooperative
- Get along well with business associates
- Are somewhat extroverted
- Are more conservative in their general attitudes
- Willing to take initiative
- Take responsibility easily
- Do not get rattled easily

UNHAPPY HUSBANDS:

- Often have feelings of inferiority
- Compensate by browbeating wife and subordinates
- Dislike details
- More radical about sex morality
- Inclined to be moody
- Are more argumentative
- Like recreations that take them away from home
- Apt to be careless about money

Eight Important Points for Women

HAPPY WIVES:

Have kindly attitude toward others
Tend to be conventional
Strong urge to save money
Do not take offense easily
Less interested in social activities
Like to teach children
Put less importance on clothes
Are systematic homemakers

UNHAPPY WIVES:

Often have feelings of inferiority
Tend to be defensive or aggressive
Easily annoyed or irritated
Extreme in their view
More likely to be neurotic
Seek spectacular activities
Want to be on the move
Show little interest in housework

10. Was at least one of your parents easy to talk to about matters of sex?YES ? NO
11. Were you reared in the country, a small town, or the suburbs of a city?YES ? NO
12. Do you go to church three or four times (or more) every month?YES ? NO
13. Are you regularly employed?YES ? NO
14. Do you have many friends of your own sex?YES ? NO
15. Do you belong to three or more social organizations?YES ? NO

Directions for Scoring Your Tests

Because all the tests are not scored in the same way, be sure you score them carefully. Then turn to the further directions, some of which apply to a man, some to a woman.

TRAIT I. For each item that you have marked M, give yourself three points; for S, two points; for L, one point. Items marked N are zero.

TRAIT II. For each A, you get two points; for each R, one point. Items answered D are counted zero.

TRAIT III. M is zero, each S gets one point, each L gets two points, each N gets three points.

TRAIT IV. Those you marked T are

zero. For each D, you get one point; for each F, two points.

TRAIT V. Each M gets zero credit, each S gets one point, each L two points, and each N three points.

TRAIT VI. Each M gets three points, each S two points, each L one point, and N receives no credit.

TRAIT VII. The first of the four words gets three points if checked, the second two points, the third word one point, and the last word receives no credit.

TRAIT VIII. Items marked S get no credit. For each item marked P, give yourself one point; for each item marked D, two points.

TRAIT IX. Each M gets three points; each S, two points; each L, one point; each N gets no credit.

TRAIT X. For each "Yes" give yourself ten points; for each question mark, credit five points. You receive no credit for any question answered "No."

You now have ten separate raw scores. Using the outline below, put down your scores.

Your Raw Score

TRAIT I	40	TRAIT VI	27
TRAIT II	16	TRAIT VII	40
TRAIT III	30	TRAIT VIII	20
TRAIT IV	30	TRAIT IX	35
TRAIT V	27	TRAIT X	140

Turn page for your adjusted score.

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Here Is Your Adjusted Score

	If you are a man	If you are a woman
TRAIT I	_____ (Repeat raw score)	_____ (Repeat raw score)
TRAIT II	_____ (Repeat raw score)	_____ (Repeat raw score)
TRAIT III	_____ (Double raw score)	_____ (Repeat raw score)
TRAIT IV	_____ (Double raw score)	_____ (Multiply raw score by 4)
TRAIT V	_____ (Repeat raw score)	_____ (Double raw score)
TRAIT VI	_____ (Repeat raw score)	_____ (Repeat raw score)
TRAIT VII	_____ (Double raw score)	_____ (Repeat raw score)
TRAIT VIII	_____ (Repeat raw score)	_____ (Repeat raw score)
TRAIT IX	_____ (Repeat raw score)	_____ (Double raw score)
TRAIT X	_____ (Repeat raw score)	_____ (Repeat raw score)
Total Score	_____	Total Score _____

Interpretation of Final Scores

TRAIT I. If your score was 30 or more, you seem to be a very social person, fond of the company of others, one who has broad interests and will probably enjoy talking things over with your mate. A score of 25 is about average. If your score is 20 or less, you are probably cautious about making friends, have rather specialized interests, and are not very talkative unless the topic is quite interesting. If you have a low score, try to develop more friends, have more of a social life and try to get out of your shell.

TRAIT II. If your score was 15 or more, you are probably a conforming person, agreeable and poised. You tend to be cooperative even though you are positive and firm when your mind is made up. A score of 11 is average. If your score was eight or less, you may be bullheaded, domineering and argumentative. If you have a low score, remember that the other person has a right to his opinion and that you may lose friends and make enemies unless you act more diplomatically.

TRAIT III. If your score was 56 or more if a man, or 28 or more if a woman, you are probably a tranquil person who is not easily irritated or annoyed. You rarely "fly off the handle" or become

impatient; this is particularly important if you are a man. A score of 46 for a man or 23 for a woman is typical or average. If your score is 36 or less if a man or 18 or less if a woman, you are probably an irritable person who is easily annoyed. You should try to control your temper and to think before you speak, especially when you are provoked.

TRAIT IV. If your score is 50 or more if you are a man, or 100 or more if you are a girl, you would seem to be a frank, dependable person who makes few excuses and tries to face reality and do a good job. A score of 40 for a man and 80 for a woman are average. If you are a man and have a score of 30 or less or are a woman and have a score of 60 or less, you tend to blame your mistakes on others, may shirk your responsibilities, exaggerate and daydream. If your score was low, you should try to improve, especially if you are a woman, for whom this trait is quite crucial in marital happiness. Try to be more honest with yourself and others; stop being suspicious and resentful of people who do not think and act as you do.

TRAIT V. If you are a man and have a score of 40 or more, or are a woman and have a score of 80 or more, you would appear to be a stable person,

confident and responsible. You can work with others or by yourself without getting lonely and depressed. An average score is 30 for a man or 60 for a woman. If you are a man and have a score of 15 or less, or are a woman with a score of 30 or less, you may be unstable, nervous and fearful. You may feel inferior at times and get blue and discouraged. You need to raise your opinion of yourself. Acquire more social skills, train yourself to be expert in some sport or hobby.

TRAIT VI. If your score was 30 or more, you would seem to have extremely high ideals and standards, especially if you are a man. While this is generally desirable, don't become too intolerant about others. A score of 25 is average. A score of 20 or less may indicate that you are too broad-minded, too flexible in your standards and ideals. Watch this, because you are not the sort of person who should let himself go. Keep a firm grip on yourself, and remember it is easier never to begin a bad habit than it is to break one.

TRAIT VII. If your score is 80 or more if you are a man, 40 or more if you are a woman, you are probably a very objective person who thinks as most other people think. You are probably quite steady, look at things dispassionately, and are neither repressed nor hypercritical. A score of 70 for a man or of 35 for a woman is average. A score of 60 or less for a man or of 30 or less for a woman may indicate that you are temperamental and emotional. You may, at times, appear peculiar and odd to your friends. You may be repressed. Associate as much as possible with others. Don't be the first to suggest something different or the last to give in.

TRAIT VIII. If your score is 22 or more, you would seem to be a person whose attitudes and interests are flexible and adaptable, especially if you are in the twenties. If you are in the thirties or

forties, a high score is probably less desirable than an average score. A score of 13 is average. If your score is eight or less, you would seem to be a very persistent person whose attitude and interests are so fixed that you may find it difficult to adjust readily in marriage. Especially would that seem to be the case if you are in the twenties.

TRAIT IX. If you are a man and your final score is 30 or more, or if you are a woman whose adjusted (doubled) score is 60 or more, you would seem to be a person who has done considerable thinking about marriage and its responsibilities. Particularly does this seem to be true of women. Attitudes toward marriage would appear to be wholesome, and concerned about making the marriage a success. A score of 24 for a man or of 48 for a woman is average. A score of 18 or less for a man or of 36 or less for a woman is low and suggests that you may be immature in your thinking and have not given much consideration to marital responsibilities.


TRAIT X. This test measured your family background to see if you had been reared in the kind of home in which parents and circumstances were favorable to developing traits and attitudes essential to happy marriage. If you scored 120 or more, your family background was conducive to happiness in marriage. A score of 100 is average. If you scored 80 or less, it would seem that your family background was not one that tended to develop in you the attitudes necessary for happiness in marriage.

If you are a man, and your total is 450 or more, you would seem to have an excellent chance of finding happiness in marriage. This is particularly likely if you also made high scores on Traits III, IV, VII and X. If you made a score of about

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350, you would seem to have about an average chance of happiness in marriage. If you made a score of 265 or less, you will need to use great care in selecting your mate.

If you are a woman and your score is 500 or more, you would seem to have an excellent chance of being happy in marriage. Especially is this likely to be the case if you made high scores on Traits IV, V, IX and X. If you made a score of about 400, your chances would seem to be about average. A score of 300 or less is not too favorable to happiness in marriage.

 BY NOW WE HOPE we have helped to clarify in your mind the kind of mate you want—and need. We have raised thoughts you should bear in mind in selecting your mate. It is doubtful that you—or anyone—will find a mate who fits letter-perfect into all the qualifications, but that is not important. What is important is that your mate should fit the general pattern of the kind of person you need, and should be free from really serious shortcomings.

Perhaps the most important single thought we can leave with you is that the person you marry should

be one who will give you a sense of well-being. Marriage to this person should end your vague feelings of restlessness.

We know a young married couple who have “everything.” They live in a well-to-do suburb, belong to a country club and are not “tied down” by children. They go to many parties and eat out whenever they like. Yet they rush about their activities with the bored futility of a dog chasing his tail.

And we know another couple for whom some people would feel sorry. They have four whooping youngsters who virtually pin them to the homestead and who make outside social life impossible. They must fight a constant battle with living costs to get ahead financially. During most of their free moments they work about their house, upholstering furniture, fixing leaking faucets or hanging storm windows.

Yet they are immensely happy. They have a sense of purpose in life—a sense of well-being. They are so glad they are married to each other that they can shrug off the many irritations that beset them. Both of them would confide to you that marriage is a wonderful and enriching experience.

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